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THE HONGKONG
IN ACTION
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HONGKONG AND OVERSEAS

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Stupid Mistake

WHETHER the Republicans believe it is going to help them win the next Presidential and congressional elections; whether the State Department sincerely believes that the documents are of such historical interest that they must be offered to the world today; or whether there is some deep, subtle, internationally political motive behind the action: the release and publication of the hitherto secret minutes of the Yalta conference between Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill serve no useful or practical purpose.

Moreover the presentation of the documents engenders a feeling of wonderment. The late President Roosevelt is designed as the great dupe; the late Marshal Stalin that of the cunning and exceedingly clever dupe; and Sir Winston Churchill as a sort of "poor relation" whose presence at the conference was dictated solely by circumstances, and whose part in the proceedings was of such a minor character as to be negligible. It is a mutilation of history.

Relations between the Communist and Free worlds will not be the slightest bit affected, for better or for worse, by the release of these documents; except, probably, the Russians will be able to take extracts from context where it suits them and to twist them into typical anti-Western propaganda.

The State Department's action certainly cannot help the cause of America and her allies. Good taste has been violated in making public the documents while one of the conferees is still alive and outright discourtesy has been shown in releasing the papers before consulting Sir Winston Churchill about their text.

Perhaps certain Republicans, whose political sagacity is notoriously narrow, will feel that a very smart thing has been done in disclosing the "secrets" of Yalta. For our part we consider it a stupid mistake. It might provide a satisfactory battleground for American elections, but it does nothing to solidify relations between the United States and her friends.

RUSSIA REPEATS THREAT

Will Annul Franco-Soviet Agreement IF FRANCE RATIFIES PARIS PACTS

Moscow, Mar. 18.

Russia today made a last-minute move against final French ratification of the Paris agreements, rearming Germany — due to be debated next Wednesday — by again threatening to annul her treaty of friendship with France.

A note to this effect was handed to the French Ambassador here tonight in reply to France's note of January 26 challenging Russia's contention that the Paris treaties contravened the Franco-Russian Alliance.

The Soviet statement was made in a note handed to the French Ambassador, M. Louis Joxe, by the Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. Molotov. The Soviet Union first threatened to annul the Franco-Soviet Treaty on December 16. Mr. Molotov's note said: "The Soviet Government confirmed its position outlined in its note of December 16, and again states that the act of ratification of the Paris agreements will lead to the annulment of the Franco-Soviet Treaty and that the entire responsibility for this will rest with the government of France."

BRITAIN WARNED
A Soviet note to Britain on December 20 threatened to cancel the 1942 Anglo-Soviet Treaty if the Paris agreements were ratified. Britain replied to this note on the same day as France and the two Western notes were almost identical in content.

Russia's reply to Britain was handed to the British Embassy in Moscow on February 28. This too re-affirmed the Soviet threat to break off the treaty of alliance. Western observers considered it significant that a similar reaffirmation to break up the Franco-Soviet Treaty was delayed for nearly three weeks in order to bring it nearer to the parliamentary debate in Paris. Foreign correspondents were summoned to a press conference at the Soviet Foreign Ministry to be given the text of the new Russian note. The occasion was apparently considered so important that a number of Western correspondents were called to the Foreign Ministry from a showing of new Soviet films to which they had been invited by the same ministry.

The Soviet note said that in trying to achieve ratification of the Paris agreements the French government was taking upon itself responsibility for the remilitarisation of Western Germany and its involvement in military grouping directed against the Soviet Union and other Communist states. The Soviet Union considered that references in the last French note "to the so-called system of limitation control and guarantees" provided by the Paris agreements were "not justified."

The note added, "Not a single country which suffered in the last war from the aggression of German militarism can rely on these paper guarantees as serving in any way as real guarantees against new German aggression."

The Soviet government said it could not agree with France that the Paris agreements would contribute towards the establishment of European security. If the French government was really concerned about establishing European security it would have no grounds for objecting to a Soviet proposal to establish a collective security system in Europe.

NEW WAR DANGER
The pushing through of the ratification of the Paris agreements by the French government would assist the rearmament of Germany, militarism "which would inevitably, seriously aggravate the situation in Europe and greatly intensify the danger of a new war in Europe." Such a policy of the French government, the Soviet note declared, "radically contradicts both the spirit and the letter of the Franco-Soviet treaty." — Reuter.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are the highlights of today's feature sections:
P. 7: Clock and Dagger Squadron; another installment by Leslie Monismoney.
P. 8: A "Baird" psychiatrist debunks faith healing, by A. W. Jarvis; Are Women a Wash-out? by Robert Pittman.
P. 9: Week-end woman-essays.
P. 13: William Stevenson's report on Red China.
P. 16 & 17: Latest local and overseas sports round-up.

STOP PRESS

CHURCHILL RETIRING REPORT

London, Mar. 18.
Derek Marks, the Daily Express political correspondent, reports today that Sir Winston Churchill is about to retire, according to well-informed opinion at Westminster.

If present plans materialise, the Premier will hand over the reins of power to Mr. Anthony Eden in the next week in April — immediately before Sir Winston leaves for a holiday in St. Ives.

Thus Eden would assume office at the age of 57 years nine months — less than a fortnight before the Budget on April 19.

Because of this, high Tory sources believe that as a stopgap measure, Sir Anthony Eden might temporarily combine the Premiership with his present office of Foreign Secretary.

Although there is a widespread desire Sir Winston Churchill should be given a peerage to mark his retirement, it is believed he will stay on the back benches of the Commons as a Member for Woodford.

In Churchill's list of pending engagements there is one particularly significant date: on Monday, April 4, he is due to entertain the Queen and Prince Philip to dinner at 10 Downing Street. And in the ordinary course of events the Premier will be having audience of the Queen the following night.

The proposed change would allow Eden sufficient time to decide whether a general election should be held in the late Spring or in the Autumn. — London Express Service.

"INFILTRATORS" KILLED

Tel-Aviv, Mar. 18.
An Israeli military spokesman said tonight "two Egyptian infiltrators" were killed today when they were caught in the cross fire of an Egyptian border outpost and an Israeli patrol near Kissoufim, facing the Gaza strip. — Reuter.

The Wrexham By-Election

NO LANDSLIDE AWAY FROM LABOUR PARTY

London, Mar. 18.

The first test of electoral reaction to the barring of left-winger Aneurin Bevan from the Parliamentary Labour Party came today in a by-election result at Wrexham, Wales, and it brought some encouragement to the official Socialist leadership.

The Labour share of the total votes cast dropped nearly four per cent compared with the figures at the 1951 general election. But the Conservative (government) percentage also fell by fully this amount.

Nevertheless, after the decision of the Labour leaders on Wednesday to exclude Mr. Bevan from the parliamentary fold, predicted immediate and serious reactions among the 660 local Labour parties from which Bevan derives his chief support. Wrexham, about 100 miles from Mr. Bevan's own Welsh constituency of Ebbw Vale, therefore provided an immediate test case. A heavy unexplained drop in the Labour percentage of the poll would have been a warning sign to Labour chiefs, whose governing caucus, the National Executive, meets on Wednesday to consider whether to expel Mr. Bevan from the Party itself.

Socialist members of Parliament lent for their constituencies tonight, discussing reported new moves to avert Mr. Bevan's expulsion.

LEADER'S MOOD
The Labour leaders are said to be in a mood to carry the disciplinary action of Bevan to its logical conclusion — expulsion.

But some of the left-wingers are pinning their faith in a new plan, said to have been discussed in executive circles. This is that Mr. Bevan should be asked to give an undertaking about his future conduct and further action on his case be deferred for a month to enable him to reply.

Acceptance of such an undertaking by the left-wing would be accompanied by a strong official censure of his past defiance and the warning that any recurrence would cause his expulsion. — Reuter.

French Admiral Acquitted

Paris, Mar. 18.
Rear-Admiral Henri Blehaut, who was Secretary of State for the Navy in the wartime Vichy Government, was tonight acquitted by the French High Court of Justice of charges against him for his wartime conduct.

The 66-year-old former Admiral is a father of nine children, and three of his sons fought with the "Free French" forces during the war. In 1942 he carried out an order to scuttle the ships under his command in Toulon Harbour. In 1943 he became a member of the Vichy Government. — France-Press.

Russians

Going Back On Contracts

London, Mar. 18.

The Russian trade delegation in London initiated talks with several British firms aimed at the cancellation or modification of certain contracts placed with them by Russia during the last year, it was learned at the Board of Trade this afternoon.

It is understood that consumer goods and machinery for the making of such goods which the Russians ordered under the Lend-Lease regime are mainly affected by this move. The news aroused naturally considerable surprise in British trade quarters. Although even before the fall of Malenkov, it was known that Russian orders came through at a much slower pace, it is probably the first time that the Russians come back on their commitments. — France-Press.

500 Students Defy Police

Brussels, Mar. 18.
More than 500 University students stormed the town hall at Louvain, Belgium today and raised the Catholic flag of Flanders in protest against government proposal for school reforms. Beams and barbed wire were brought up to seal off entrances to the building where students held out for nearly an hour before surrendering to strong police forces. — Reuter.

WHY NOT PARIS BY THE SEA?

Brighton, Mar. 18.
Brighton, known as London by the sea, will this year sell glasses of French wine in its pier for overseas visitors who do not like their mug of British beer. Next Wednesday, 200 hoteliers and prominent citizens of the town will be invited by the Pier Manager, Mr. Walter Yearno to a wine-tasting ceremony. — China Mail Special.

Clocks Forward 1 Hour Tonight

Summertime begins officially in Hongkong at 3.30 a.m. tomorrow. You should therefore put your clocks FORWARD before retiring tonight.

Cairo, Teheran & Potsdam To Follow

Washington, Mar. 19.

The State Department is to publish proceedings of the Second World War conferences of Allied leaders at Cairo (1943) Teheran (1943) and Potsdam (1945) by June 30 of this year, Reuter learned authoritatively today.

Informed officials said however that the world reaction to the publication this week of the proceedings of the 1945 Yalta conference might necessitate a reappraisal of this programme.

The United States Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, may be expected to take up this question when he returns from his current visit to Canada on Sunday.

Resentment has been demonstrated overseas particularly in Britain, through the publication of such confidential proceedings in Yalta, in the face of the opposition by Sir Winston Churchill. — Reuter.

Sikh Winning Battle With Army

London, Mar. 18.

Avtar Singh, a 22-year-old Sikh, who went absent from the British Army for two and a half years because he had to shave and cut his hair, is winning the fight for his religious principles.

Singh, sentenced to six months' detention here last month for absence, has been released and the Army's Adjutant-General is considering freeing him from his two-year national service engagement.

When he first joined the Army he was told to cut off his hair and shave, and to eat beef — all rigidly forbidden by his religion.

Since his sentence, Singh has been allowed to cook his own food under guard. Now he need no longer shave or have his hair cut. — China Mail Special.

Aruba Crew Will Strike

Seamen's Union
Statement

Helsinki, Mar. 18.

A Finnish Seamen's Union spokesman said tonight that the crew of the tanker Aruba would go on strike if they were asked to take the ship beyond the Nicobar Islands northwest of Sumatra.

The Aruba, originally was bound for Communist China with a load of kerosene but the crew rebelled against travelling into a "war zone". The Aruba was reported today six days away from the Nicobars — and about 300 miles west of Colombo, Ceylon.

Gunnar Damstrom, President of the Re-Bo Shipping Company which owns the Aruba, said he was confident "an agreement on the disposal of Aruba's cargo" will be reached before the ship approaches Nicobar waters.

Aruba boars 13,000 tons of kerosene from Rumania. Re-Bo confirmed that the captain of the Aruba, Henry Bergsten, had been ordered to proceed Eastward, until it was decided what should be done with the strategic cargo.

"UNDER CONTROL"
Damstrom said the situation aboard the Aruba was "under control." He added, "There is no mutiny atmosphere (and we are hopeful that the case will be settled without an open strike by the 42 crewmen)."

B. Johansson, Secretary of the Seamen's Union, said he received a radiogram from the Aruba crew today declaring that the crew had decided unanimously not to follow orders to proceed Eastward, until it was decided what should be done with the strategic cargo.

The crew rebelled against travelling into the "war zone" because Nationalist China threatened to "seize" the ship if it approached Communist China. Damstrom said he expected a final decision on the disposal of the Aruba cargo to be made by Far East Enterprises, Ltd., of Hongkong, within the next couple of days.

The Hongkong concern chartered the Finnish ship for its present voyage.

Captain Bergsten was ordered to keep the ship moving Eastward without calling at any port as long as the crew kept working. — United Press.

Forest Skirmish

Batna, Algeria, Mar. 18.
Two French legionnaires were killed and four wounded in a sharp skirmish with outlaws in the Beni Imouil forest tonight. Rebel casualties were not immediately announced. — Reuter.

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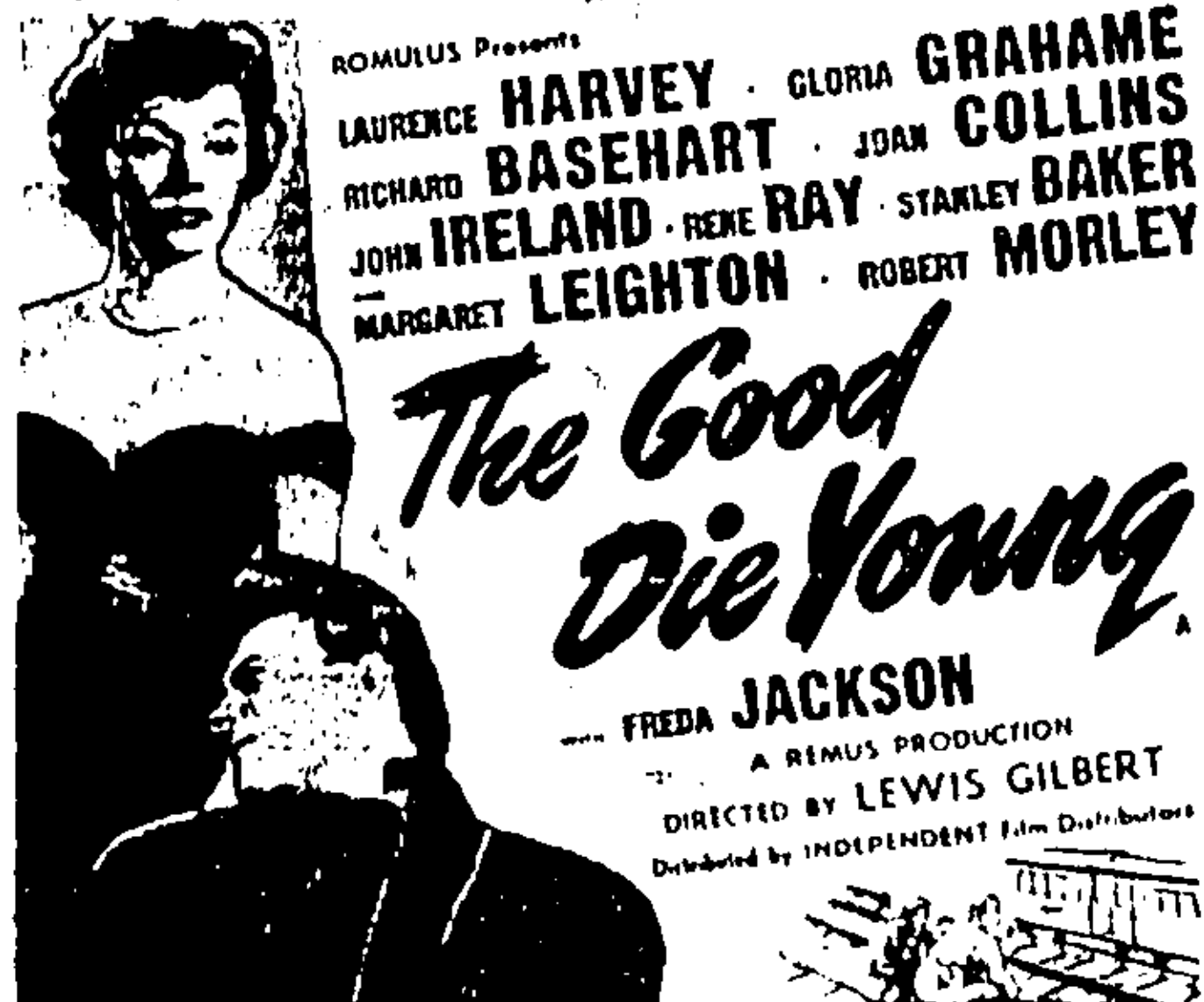
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From Mars & Movies who gave you "DAAG", "PATITA" now comes —

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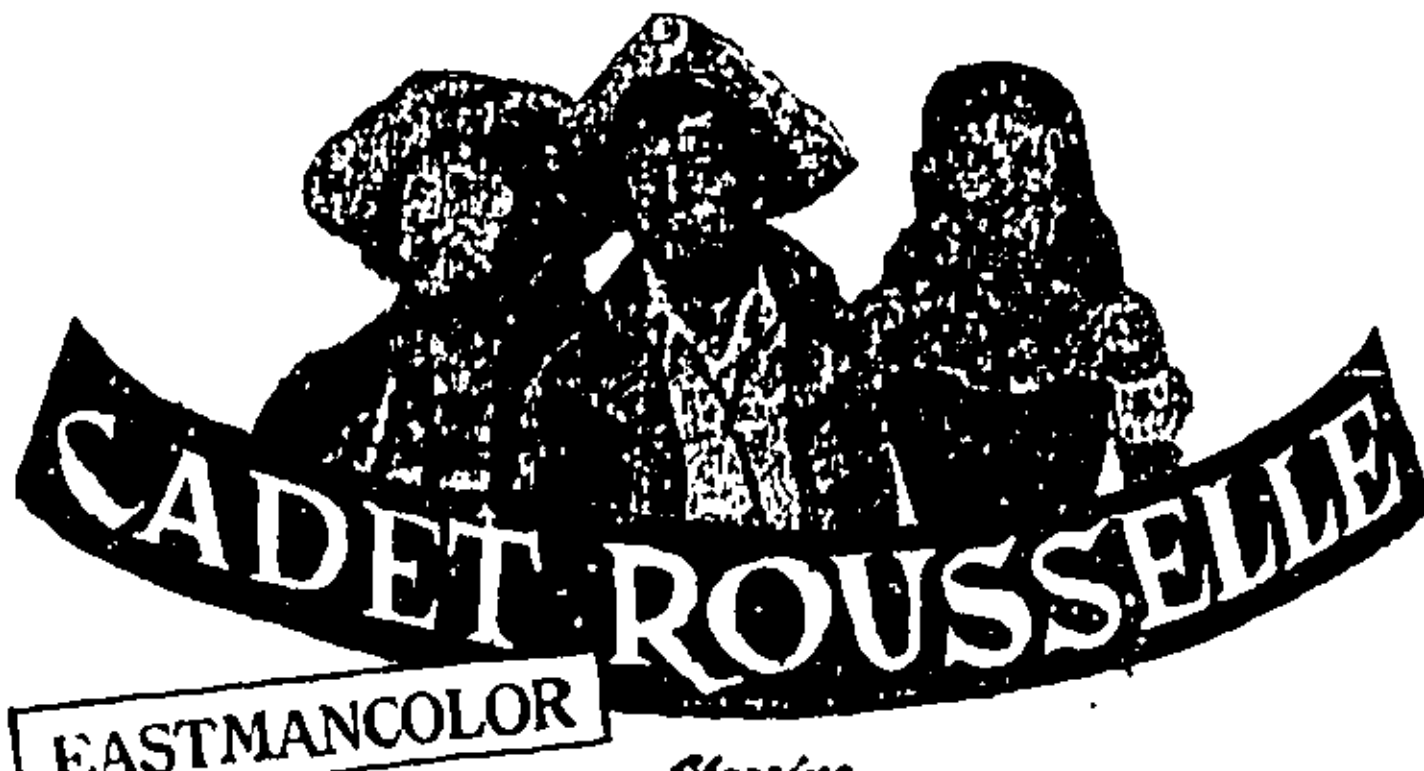
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From the novel by KATHLEEN WINSTON

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FILMS — CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance
SHOWING

EMPIRE: "Along Came Jones". A western. Gary Cooper and Paulette Goddard. A release.

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Betrayed". Spies and counter-spies in Holland during the war. Lana Turner, Clark Gable and Victor Mature.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Good Die Young". Crime thriller. Laurence Harvey, Stanley Baker, Margaret Leighton, Richard Basehart, Gloria Grahame.

LEE: "Cadet Rousselle". The adventures of a young lad during the French Revolution. François Perier, Dany Robin and Madeleine Lebeau.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Sea Shall Not Have Them". An Air Sea Rescue launch saving the crew of a ditched Hudson. Michael Redgrave, Anthony Steel, Dirk Bogarde.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Long Gray Line". A history of the West Point Military Academy seen through the eyes of an Irish emigrant. Tyrone Power and Maureen O'Hara.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Forever Amber". The life and loves of a gay girl in the reign of Charles II. Linda Darnell, Cornell Wilde, George Sanders and Richard Greene.

COMING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Rear Window". Alfred Hitchcock's thriller showing all that can be seen through an apartment window. James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Thelma Ritter and Wendell Corey.

LEE: "Hell's Outpost". A fight for a tungsten mine. Rod Cameron and Joan Leslie.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Stolen Face". Romantic drama. Paul Henreid and Elizabeth Scott.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "49th Man". A plot to smuggle the Atom-bomb into the U.S.A. under the cover of a military exercise. John Ireland and Richard Denning.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Street With No Name". The F.B.I. against the mobsters. Richard Widmark and Mark Stevens.

CRIME QUARTET

"The Good Die Young" is about a quartet of unfortunate young men who commit a crime leading to a killing. Three of them drift into it from necessity and one, the most privileged and least pitiable, from their violent and greed.

ET LA FEMME

And finally let's take our little female fatale herself. Before reporting for "permission to become a spy, Sir" she's been on rather more than nodding terms with a number of prominent Germans. Her change of heart is ostensibly due to her love for the husband whom they shot, but as Gable points out, it's a feeling that seems to have become apparent only with his death.

Louise Caterer's voice is heard in the narrative thread linking the incidents in the story and the quantity of villains he's played during his screen history lends suspicion as much as his way as does the deceptive mildness of Wilfrid-Hyde-White.

If you have a sense of humour, try this for size: GABLE (striking a chord on the piano) What's this chort? TURNER: After casting her eyes desperately to the ceiling) B major.

GABLE: And this? TURNER: (Another despairing glance aloft) G minor.

GABLE: What's this tune? TURNER: (After chewing her lips) The Moll.

GABLE: You apparently know music! The realism of the two guerrilla raids however is less laughable and quite frightening. Balmain is credited with providing Lana Turner's wardrobe, but this distinguished fashion house seems to have been intimidated by Miss

Basehart is a truculent young man, remarkable for his lack of manners and commendable for his devotion to his wife. She is completely, nag-ridden

Turner's dual role, in one of which she's supposed to be a music teacher. They needn't have worried—her sole disguise is a pair of glasses as far as a facial change is concerned. With Mr Factor's glamour still gleaming through, to eschew a fashionable wardrobe was unnecessary.

by her possessive mother. This is a rather obvious part for Freda Jackson to play, but anyone who has seen her on the stage will be able to anticipate the glittering-eyed malice with which she invests it. Joan Collins is the gentle little wife sandwiched between these two bitter people.

Then there's John Ireland, a sergeant in the US Air Force stationed in England, married to a cheap little floozy who unaccountably refers to herself as an actress. This fools nobody, least of all her husband, but her sporadic bursts of simulated affection keep him wriggling on the book while she ogles her way further into what she considers to be a better position.

This is a made to order role for Gloria Grahame—she could obviously play it with her eyes closed—and John Ireland doesn't excite much sympathy by being dumb enough to suffer it.

The fourth member of the band is a broken-down boxer. Unable through injuries to fight any more and ruined by his wife's ne'er-do-well brother, his story is perhaps the most pathetic. Stanley Baker is always convincing, in front of the camera and his attractively ugly face interesting to watch.

You will find yourself willing him to resist the hysterical cynicism of Laurence Harvey even if the fate of the other two seems of small importance.

There's an independent comment at the end of the film to the effect that crime does not pay which would have been better omitted, considering the fact that the member demonstrates, not the inability of the police, but the inefficient organisation of a crime committed by amateurs!

UNSCRUPULOUS WOMEN

"It takes a woman to understand a woman," say the critics and it there's any truth in what they say, the fact that "Forever Amber" and "Gone With The Wind" were both written by women must have helped them come to this conclusion.

The heroines of both tales are notable for their lack of scruples when scheming for themselves or their children, for their ability to switch their affections while remaining basically attracted to one man and for various other feminine wiles

that help a woman to keep her footing in a man's world without resorting to the deplorable direct approach.

In "Forever Amber" being revived at the Roxy and Broadway this week, the schemer is Linda Darnell with, as some of the men in her life, Cornell Wilde, Richard Greene, George Sanders, Glenn Langan and Richard Haydn.

"As you may remember from the book, Amber successfully negotiates her way through a plague, the great London fire of 1666, Newbrite Prison, the Court of Charles II and many other natural hazards before meeting her deserts, and having to consider, like Scarlett O'Hara, what is to be done with the morrow."

"LIGHT-HEARTED

"Cadet Rousselle" is for fans of the French swashbuckler who don't mind seeing fun being poked at their pet form of amusement.

It is a pity that the cadet himself is not more handsome and his apparently irresistible charm as far as the ladies are concerned is somewhat difficult to swallow, especially when two of the ladies in question are the desirable Madeleine Lebeau and Dany Robin. However, it's all light-hearted, and the English subtitles are sufficiently clear for the action to be followed without trouble.

A LOOK AT THE FUTURE

Soon to be seen here is "Rear Window". Alfred Hitchcock's unusual treatment of a murder story, starring James Stewart, I shall be telling you more about it next Saturday. It would seem that the success, or at any rate, word of mouth publicity of "Rear Window" has inspired Alfred Hitchcock to direct James Stewart in yet another thriller. Plans are well under way for him to do something he has not attempted before in his long career: to remake one of his earlier films.

The picture to receive this treatment is "The Man Who Knew Too Much" which Hitchcock made in 1935 with Peter Lorre (in his first English speaking role) Leslie Banks, Edna Best and Nova Pilbeam. It was a meanly plotted, the action including an attempted assassination of a diplomat by anarchists and thrown in for good measure, a kidnapping.

It is to be hoped that the sharp dialogue of "Rear Window" will be apparent in whatever Hitchcock decides to call his new venture, as the same script writer has been engaged.

And talking of remakes, the famous "Four Feathers" will be coming back with a 1955 sheen. You may remember that the earlier picture starred Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, John Clements and June Duprez. The new film will be "Drums Along The Nile" and will costar two very different young British leading men—Anthony Steel and Laurence Harvey.

St Moritz was a reasonable focus point for trouble in 1938, but it was felt that the pulse of these days was nearer the Middle East, and Marrakesh is to be substituted.

ZULU CHARGE

Sir Alexander Korda is remaking the old story of the fighting in South Africa in CinemaScope, which should ensure plenty of spectacle. The previous picture is rather vague in my mind, but I do remember some frightening charges by Zulu warriors that I am sure will be a challenge to the new production.

Another peep into the future brings news of a film that can't help but have an interest for people in this part of the world.

Following on the heels of Japanese film stars who visited the Colony last month, we hear that "Hiroshima" is to be released in America next month. Based not on John Hersey's grim book, but on material compiled by a Japanese professor, it is described as a neo-realistic drama, seen through the eyes of a Japanese family, of the events at Hiroshima

(Continued on page 10 col. 4)

QUEEN'S

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.

Warner Bros. presents GREGORY PECK in

"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER"

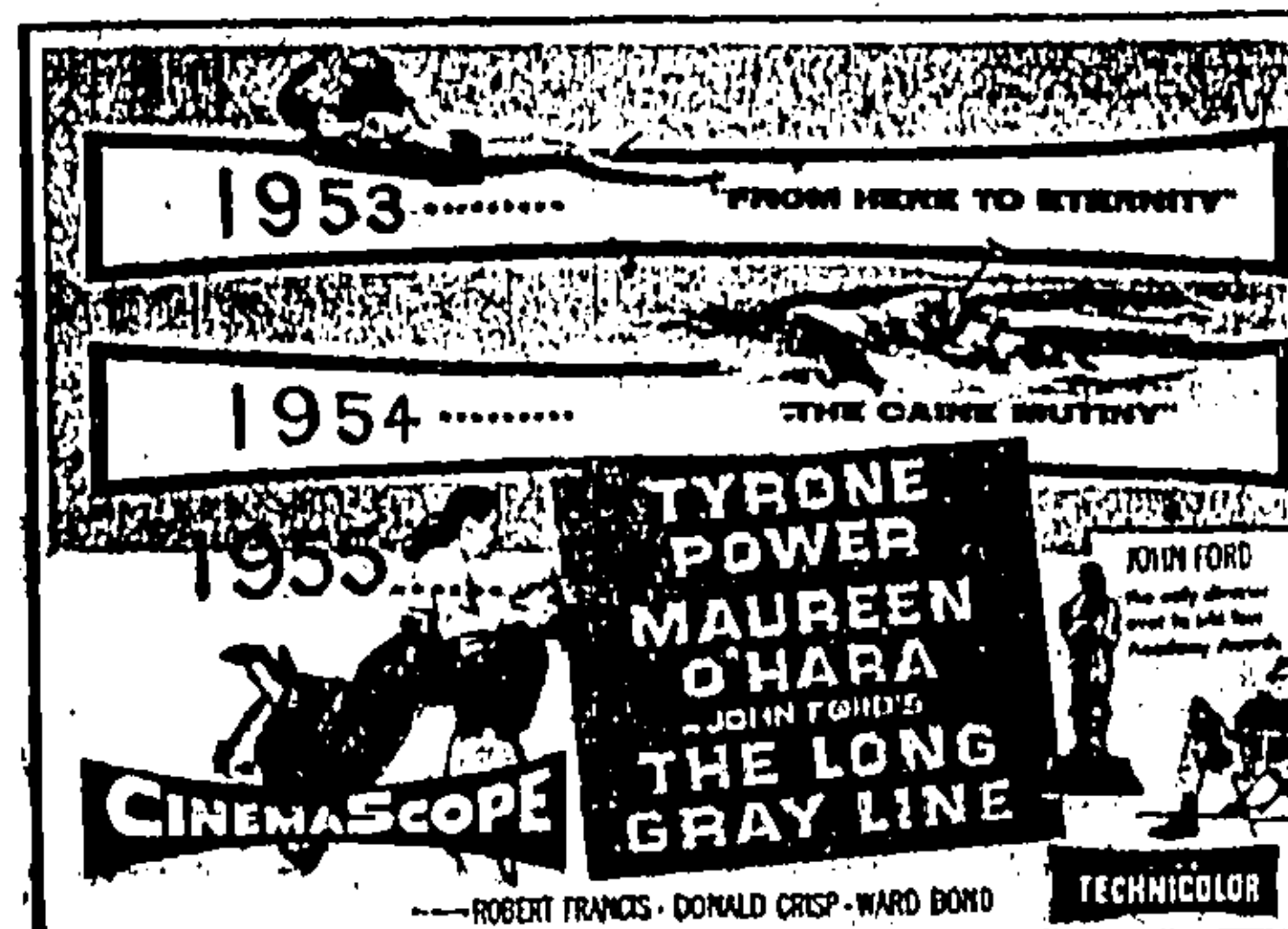
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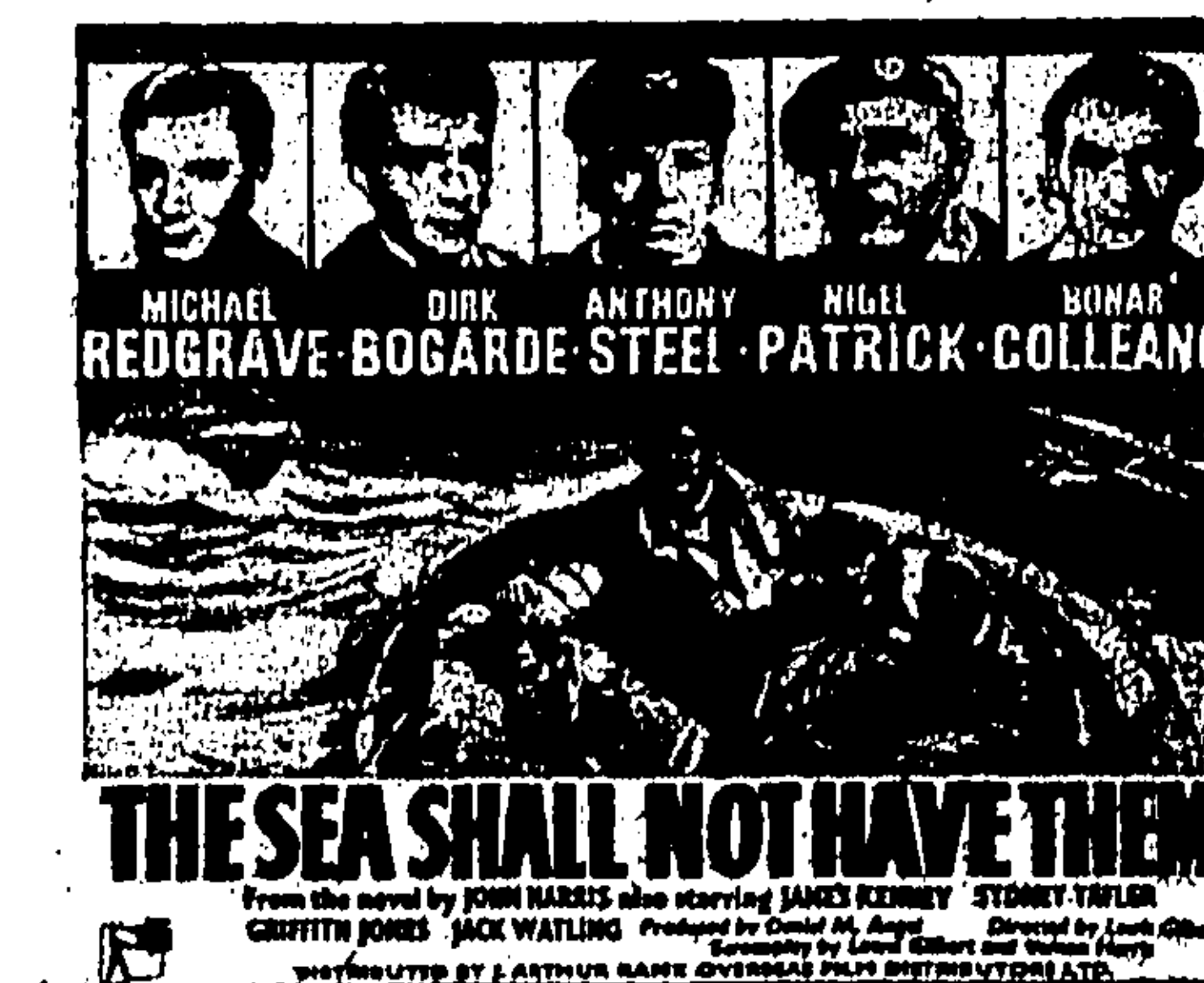
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SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: 3 Stooges Comedy & Technicolor Cartoons.
GREAT WORLD: Walt Disney's Technicolor Cartoons.

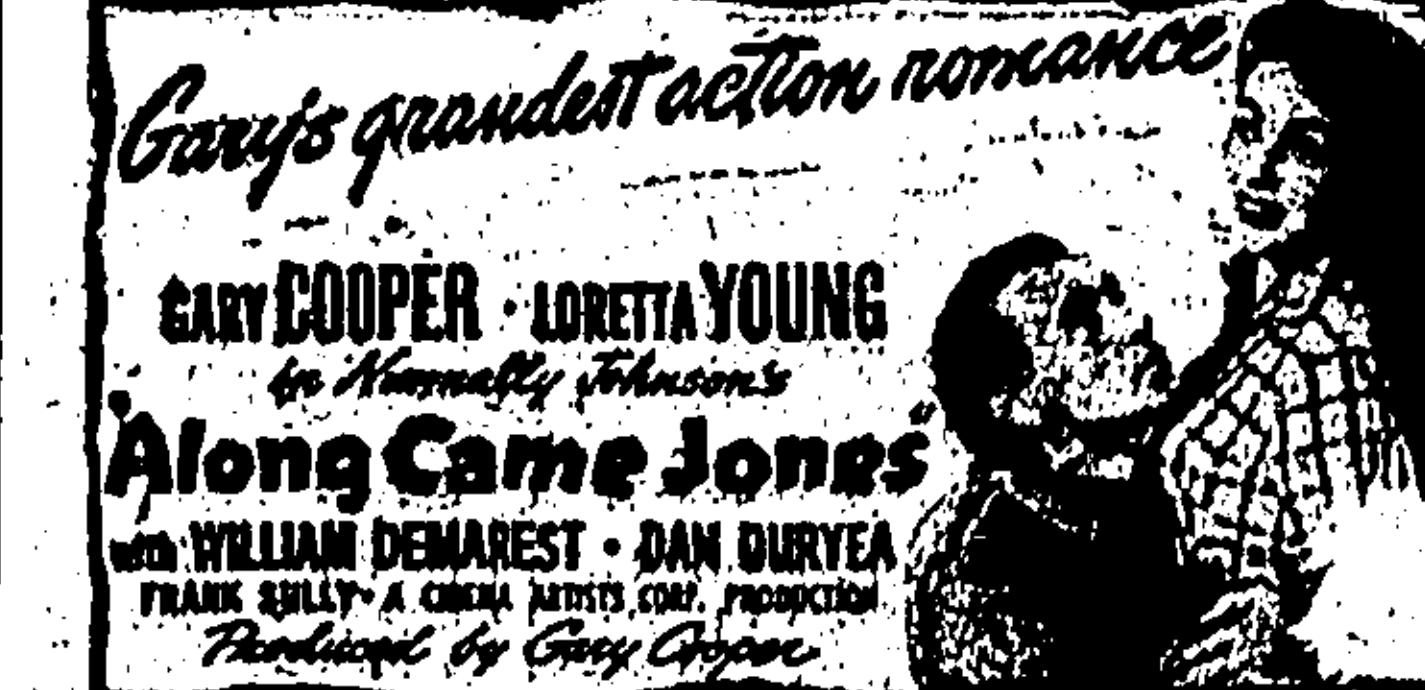
EMPIRE

TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THIS IS AN EXCITING COMEDY WESTERN, WELL ACTED BY ALL CONCERNED

(HILTON HUTTON — S.C.M. POST).



ALSO: LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS

RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

FIRST SHOWING IN KOWLOON!



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COMING SOON

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Miraculous Operation
Brings New Life
To A Child

Chicago. Little Linda Wetzel plays with her doll now. The mere fact that she was alive seemed close to a miracle. But to outward appearances there was no difference between blonde and blue-eyed Linda and any other little girl.

She ran and laughed with her five-year-old brother, Peter, and went to the store with her mother, Mrs. Werner Wetzel.

When Linda was born in Sept. 28, 1952, at Belmont Hospital it was found that nature somehow had failed her.

Most of her chest structure was missing. Her heart lay exposed. Instead of ribs, only stub ends of bones protruded from the spinal column.

She was transferred the same day to Michael Reese Hospital which has extensive facilities for unusual pediatric cases. Dr. Paul A. Mackler took charge of the case.

We have to face the fact that we could place the heart back in the chest cavity and draw the ribs of the chest together. Dr. Mackler said: "But that wouldn't have given room for proper heart action."

DISPERATE MOVE

In fact, the desperate move was decided upon for 11 days, Dr. Mackler waited.

On Oct. 11 a baby was still-born at the hospital. When Dr. Mackler told the parents about Linda, they readily consented to what he had in mind.

That night Dr. Mackler moved the dead infant's chest structure into Linda's rib cage and attached it in a deep freeze cavern.

The following day he attached the structure to Linda's body, interlacing the dead baby's ribs with Linda's rib stubs.

"The Allen" portion covered about one-quarter of the circumference of Linda's body," he said.

"Then it was simply a matter of waiting."

That has proved Dr. Mackler's theory.

The bone and tissue from the dead baby provided a stimulus and a framework around which Linda's body grew, forming the portion that nature forgot.

TISSUES ABSORBED

"Part of the dead baby's tissues were absorbed or absorbed away as Linda's own flesh and bone developed," Dr. Mackler said. "But some of the transplanted tissue literally grew to be a portion of her body."

N. S. Dr. Mackler said: Linda's chest has developed a virtually complete rib cage and sternum, or breastbone.

After examining her about a week ago, Dr. Mackler said he was convinced that Linda "will grow up to be a perfectly normal child." Only one portion of her chest failed to develop a bony structure and that is well covered with flesh and skin and should cause no problem.

Her heart, he said, also is developing normally.

Linda's mother said she sees no difference between her daughter and other children in the block.

"She runs and plays and never seems to tire," Mrs. Wetzel said. "She walked at 11 months and she's just beginning to talk."

Dr. Mackler said that so far as he knows, the operation he performed on Linda was the first of its kind in medical history.—United Press.

Coloured Drivers' Licences Proposed

Raleigh, N.C. A North Carolina legislator has proposed that drivers' licences be issued in different colours to show at a glance the motorist's road record. Representative E. M. O'Herron said the plan has "possibilities for either reward or punishment" and gave as examples a blue card for a driver with 10 years of perfect driving or a yellow card for a driver once convicted of drunken driving.—United Press.

Still Arguing
About A Flag

Ottawa. A flag for Canada waves aloft once more in the House of Commons.

The consensus of observers now, however, is that it will whip briskly in the breeze of parliamentary debate and then hang, stuck for another year, until another session. That's been the fate of all the figurative flag-waving over the years, with the "distinctive" Canadian banner marching into a succession of temporary limbo.

This year, though, new hands have grasped the halyard. A 36-year-old Toronto labourer, Allan Hollingsworth, has taken over where veteran Jousier Bona Armand, 51-year-old Liberal from Bonaventure, Que., left off.

The last time any exhaustive study was given to the flag issue was in the mid-1940's when a Senate-Commons committee poured over some 2,500 designs sent in from all parts of the country. The committee recommended the adoption of one incorporating the red ensign and a gold maple leaf on a white background.

The committee's report never did receive a motion for adoption. This Union Jack, tucked in the corner of the red ensign, prompted too much opposition from too many Quebec members. Armand's views have changed.—United Press.

NOW AMERICA IS USING
THE HELI-AMBULANCE

New York. A HELICOPTER may some day save your life. The highly maneuverable hover plane saved thousands of lives during the Korean War by providing quick, safe evacuation of casualties from the battle-front to hospitals behind the lines.

And Here's How Britain
Is Using Her 'Copters...

Yes, it's a net, scooping a 'ditched' airman out of the sea. This is one of the new uses the Royal Navy have found for their hover planes. The net is dragged through the water while the helicopter travels at about walking pace. But it needs dead accurate aiming by the pilot to net his man!

Why Roberta Went
Back Into Jungle

London. The 26-year-old mystery woman of Mexico, Roberta "La Bobbie" Montagu, has returned for the second time from the snake-ridden Chiapas jungle where her husband, former international playboy Lord Edward Montagu, died last May.

She has sent news of her return to a London friend of her late husband, Lieut-Commander Francis Evans. She has told him that she went alone to investigate a jungle murder.

Lady Roberta Montagu first entered the forests of darkness with her husband last year. Both were interested in exploring.

Lord Montagu died from heat-stroke in an area where the jungle was so dense and pressing that the paths they cut in it soon closed behind. She hacked her way out with the help of two Indian guides.

Roberta disappeared back into the jungle in January. Her friends in the old Spanish settlement at San Cristobal did not know why.

All they knew about "La Bobbie" was that she "has much courage," that her name had been Joughlin and that she came from Los Angeles before her marriage in 1933.

In her letter which arrived in London last week Roberta ends the mystery. She went back to the "green hell" to investigate a murder.

She wrote, "I do not simply splash in and out of the jungle for the joy of it. The joy has gone."

Word had come out that a long-haired, bow and arrow shooting Indian had murdered another. The Indian Department here asked me to investigate.

"I knew the region. I was not too keen to go, but there was a murderer loose in there. It was my duty I guess. A party of soldiers are now going in to make an arrest."

MAJESTIC

TO-DAY

at 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

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TO-MORROW AT 12.30

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• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



MANY people sing in their bathroom. But very few, like actress Anne Todd, use it as a studio. Miss Todd, who says she can't draw even though Hogarth was her great-great-granduncle, loves using colours. The painting she is working on here will be shown at an exhibition to raise funds for a factory where out of work actors and actresses can earn money while "resting." (Express)



SEAN O'CASEY, Ireland's greatest dramatist, whose new play, "The Bishop's Bonfire," has just had its first production at Dublin's Gaiety Theatre. O'Casey is 75. (Express)



SUSAN HAMPSHIRE, 17-year-old daughter of an Imperial Chemical Industries executive, was one of the young debs presented at Court this month. She is a pupil at a Knightsbridge ballet and finishing school run by her mother. She plans to become a nurse. (Express)



LEFT: The velvet voice of Beniamino Gigli will not be heard in London again. Italy's greatest tenor will retire in June, and the other day he sang his farewell to an audience of 6,000 in the Royal Albert Hall. Picture shows him holding a high note at the recital. See also Page 13. (Express)



MARSHAL of the Royal Air Force Lord Douglas of Kirtleside and West End model Hazel Walker, who were married recently at Poole Register Office, Dorset. He led Fighter and Coastal Commands during the war. The bride has modelled before Royalty. (Express)

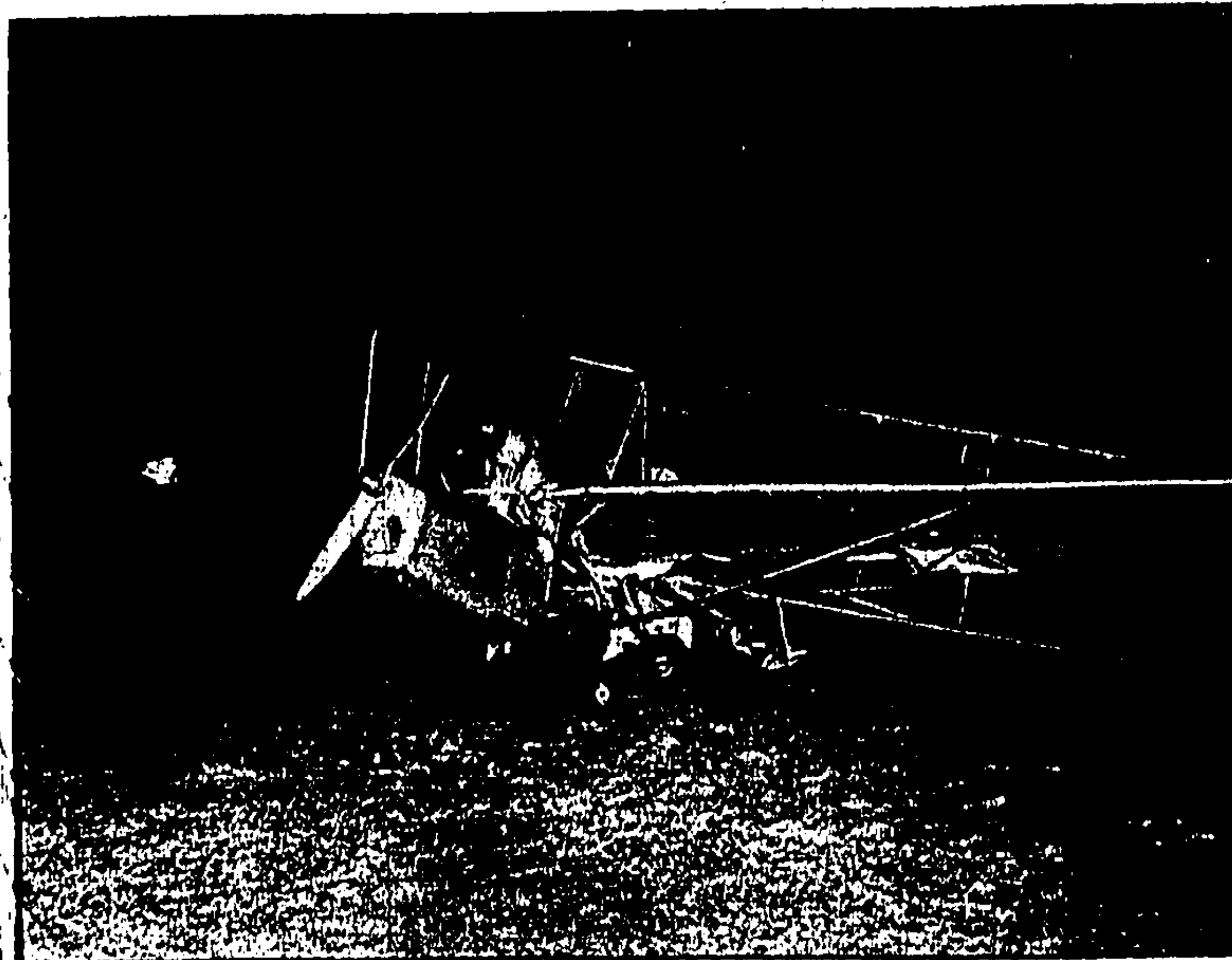


THE first cinema to be built as such in Britain, London's old Biograph, celebrated its 50th birthday this month. A special programme was put on including many of the early films. Mr Charlie Spink, 83, one of the Bio's first nighters 50 years ago, poses with some of the old stills. (Express)



LEFT: London had one of its gayest postwar premieres with the showing of "A Star is Born." Many famous stars went along to see Judy Garland and James Mason in the film which previously provided top roles for Janet Gaynor and Frederic March. Sir Laurence Olivier and Diana Dors sharing a joke in the foyer of the Warner Theatre. (Express)

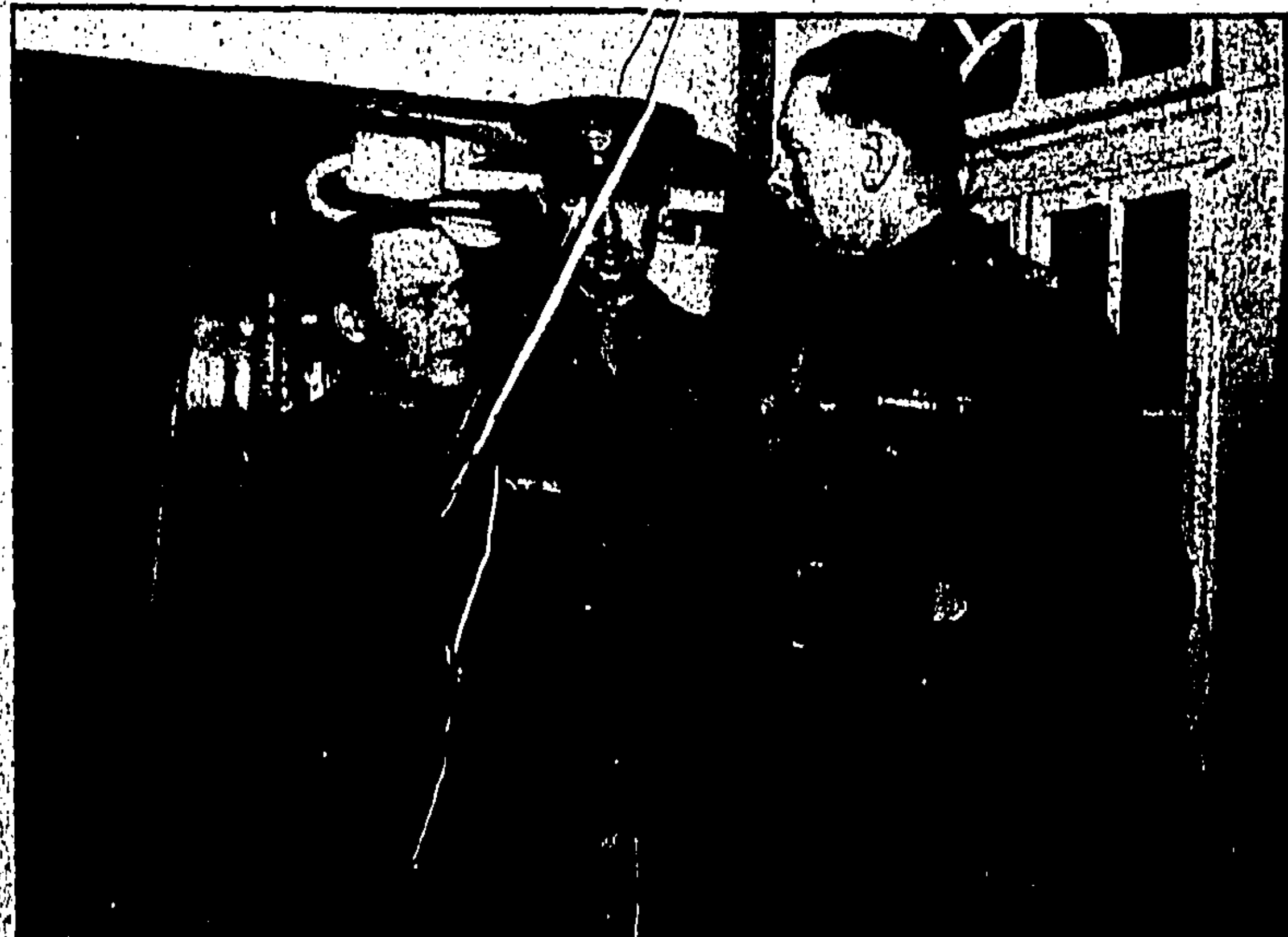
BELOW: When the Gloucesters sailed from Liverpool for Kenya, Col. James Carne, VC, of Imjim fame, was on board to see the boys off. He was delighted to see two of his men who were with him in Korea — Sgt S. J. Brisland of Bristol, who was also taken prisoner, and Drum Major P. Buss of Dover.



THIS freak accident occurred at Denham airfield. A two-seater Tiger Moth aircraft, coming in to land, went straight through the roof of a single-seater Auster which was being taxied around the field. David Denton, 15, who was in the Auster, was taken to hospital with suspected concussion. (Express)



EIGHT-YEAR-OLD boy astronomer Richard Wilkinson is called at his school in London "the boy with his head in the clouds." He has turned his home into a miniature observatory. Pride of place goes to the real astronomer's telescope: his father has built him. It cost £150. In picture, Richard is about to "sight" it on the moon. (Express)



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



DAIRY BOX
MILK CHOCOLATE



"Cap'n—you wanna tell that bloke in Parliament who said the Navy's gonna get more beer if they can find the space that we're full right up." London Express Service

Three were hanged for the "murder" of a man who was not dead... No wonder they called it

THE CAMPDEN WONDER

BRIAN OSBORNE

tells another of the world's strangest stories

NOT long ago a question in the House of Commons asked whether there had not been a recurrence of the Campden Wonder. The Home Secretary replied that he was satisfied that there had not.

The occasion of this question, which may well have baffled many MPs was an inquiry into the case of the Killington Street murderers, Evans and Christie, both of whom were hanged on their own confession of the unassisted murder of the same person.

In this case there is no doubt that justice was done. Stranger and less just was the case of John Perry and her two sons, which became a cause célèbre of Caroline England, and is still remembered locally as the Campden Wonder.

The little town of Chipping Campden, on the foothills of the Cotswolds, is today quiet and less important than when it was the scene of these remarkable events.

In 1660 its principal building was Campden House, then, as now, largely in ruin.

It was the property of the Viscountess Campden, in it lived her steward, William Harrison. On August 16, 1660, Harrison went out to collect rents and was seen going towards Charringworth, about two miles away.

As he did not return as soon as he was expected his wife sent her servant, John Perry, about 8 or 9 p.m. to find out what had become of him. Neither Harrison nor Perry returned that night.

• Suspicion

THE next morning Mrs Harrison sent her son to look for them. At about 5 a.m. the son met Perry on the Charringworth road, who said that he had failed to find his master. Together they inquired at Ebrington, between Chipping Campden and Charringworth, where they were told that Harrison had collected rents, and was last seen walking in the direction of his home.

Meanwhile, near the road between Ebrington and Chipping Campden were found a hat and a comb, much hacked and cut, and a pair of bands stained with blood.

The hat was recognised as the one William Harrison was wearing when he left Campden House.

Suspicion fell upon John Perry, who knew the route by which his master would return and the amount of money which he would have on his person. Perry's failure to return that night to Campden House, after so short an expedition, made his guilt obvious.

Perry was arrested and brought before a local magistrate. His subsequent behaviour was odder than that of the evening days of Christie. He immediately made a statement to the magistrate, giving an account of the night's events.

He had set out, he said, on the Charringworth road but he was afraid of the dark and, on meeting a man named Reed, returned with him to Chipping Campden. There he met one Pearce, in whose company he found confidence to go a second time towards Charringworth. But, again losing courage, he turned back, and went to sleep in a hen-house.

At midnight he awoke and again set out on his errand; but, when a mist rose, stopped and lay under a hedge. At daybreak he went to Charringworth. There met Edward Plaisterer, who told him he had been called on by Harrison on the previous afternoon and that he had paid him his rent.

Reed, Pearce, Plaisterer and Harrison's son all corroborated Perry's story so far as they were concerned in it. Almost every movement of Perry's was accounted for by apparently independent witnesses. Had Perry stuck to his story, he would, one might think, have stood a good chance of being discharged by the magistrate or, at any rate, acquitted at Assize.

• Statement

PERRY, fearing apparently that the magistrate did not believe his account, then declared that he would tell the truth but only to a certain member of the local Bench, Sir Thomas Overbury. Perry disclosed that his mother, Joan Perry, and his brother Richard had been urging him to join in killing and robbing the agent by waylaying him on his return from collecting rents.

That evening, he said, when Mrs Harrison bade him search for his master, he took his brother Richard with him, and they sighted William Harrison returning. John Perry then (so he told Sir Thomas) said to Richard that "if he followed him he might have his money, and he in the meantime would walk a turn in the fields."

After taking a walk round he went back to his brother, and

found him setting upon Harrison's son, and his mother standing by.

John Perry then, so he claimed, begged his brother not to kill him; but Richard strangled Harrison, then took the money and threw it to his mother.

John stated that he then left them, and did not know how they actually disposed of the body. He returned towards Chipping Campden, met Pearce on the way, and thenceforward did as he had said in his first statement: except that, after leaving the hen-house, he found Harrison's hat, comb and bands, cut them with his knife and threw them down in the road. But no trace of the body was found.

• Condemned

JOHN was kept in custody, and Richard and their mother were arrested, the latter protesting their innocence and upbraiding John as a liar. But John stuck to his story. At Gloucester Assizes, six months later, all pleaded "not guilty," including John, who, confronted with his confession, declared that he was "thick mad, and knew not what he said."

The three were condemned to be hanged in chains, and within a few days, were strung up upon Broadway Hill, which overlooks Chipping Campden. Some years afterwards into the little market town, dusty and on foot, walked William Harrison.

The tale he told was as strange as the events which led up to it. Sir Thomas Overbury, who seems to have been the universal confidant of the town, wrote it all down—alas, without comment.

Sir Thomas related that Harrison, returning from Charringworth with 225 in rents, met a horseman who ran a sword into his side. Two other men appeared and Harrison received a second wound, in the thigh. "They did not take my



... a hat, a comb and a pair of bands stained with blood.

money, but mounted me behind one of them... and fastened my wrists, together with something that had a spring lock to it."

With them he journeyed for several days to Deal, in Kent, where he was taken aboard a vessel. Harrison told Sir Thomas that he heard them mention the sum of seven pounds, and it might be assumed that this is the sum they were paid for his imprisonment. His wounds were dressed and the ship put to sea.

About six weeks later the vessel was captured by Turks and Harrison and his fellows were sold into slavery. He spent two years with a physician near Smyrna, then escaped to England via Portugal.

• Mystery

WHAT are we to make of this story?

It gives us a strange picture of the times if indeed innocent people were regularly kidnapped in the middle of England. And it is difficult to believe that a man could be forcibly carried all the way from Gloucestershire to the Kentish coast without anyone preventing it. It may well be that in those troubled times the old agent knew some local secret which made it worthwhile for someone—perhaps some member of Lady Campden's family—to pay him to keep out of the way for a while.

But the behaviour of John Perry will remain a mystery until the graves give up their dead. Was it plain spite or some masochistic hallucination that made him draw upon himself his appalling end?

Coddlers Get More Colds

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

London. SNUFFLING or sneezing this morning? Feel you have a cold coming on? No need to try to hide it from the wife. For no amount of "looking after yourself" could have saved you.

Indeed, mollycoddling may tend to bring on colds.

Experts who tried to protect more than 200 R.A.F. men at a station in Southern England against colds, sore throats, and flu say this.

At the end of the most elaborate anti-colds experiment ever staged they report: "The men we protected caught nearly twice as many colds as men of whom no precautions were taken."

led by Air-Commodore Thomas Macdonald—divided their men into two groups.

For six sneezy months one group slept in dormitories kept at germ-free as possible.

The air the group breathed was sterilised with ultra-violet lamps. The floor was oiled to keep down dust-scattered germs.

A second group was fooled into believing that similar precautions were being taken. But these precautions were fakes.

All men were examined regularly and the records of the two groups compared.

Result—more than 12 percent of the mollycoddled men caught colds each week compared with seven percent of the unprotected group.

SOME SNUFFLING HYDROGEN bomb being used to destroy the Japanese in the Pacific.

smuggled into the country under diplomatic seal—at any time.

And there is nothing Customs officers can do about it. For when a courier is in charge of diplomatic freight they get no chance to X-ray it or test it with atom-ray detectors.

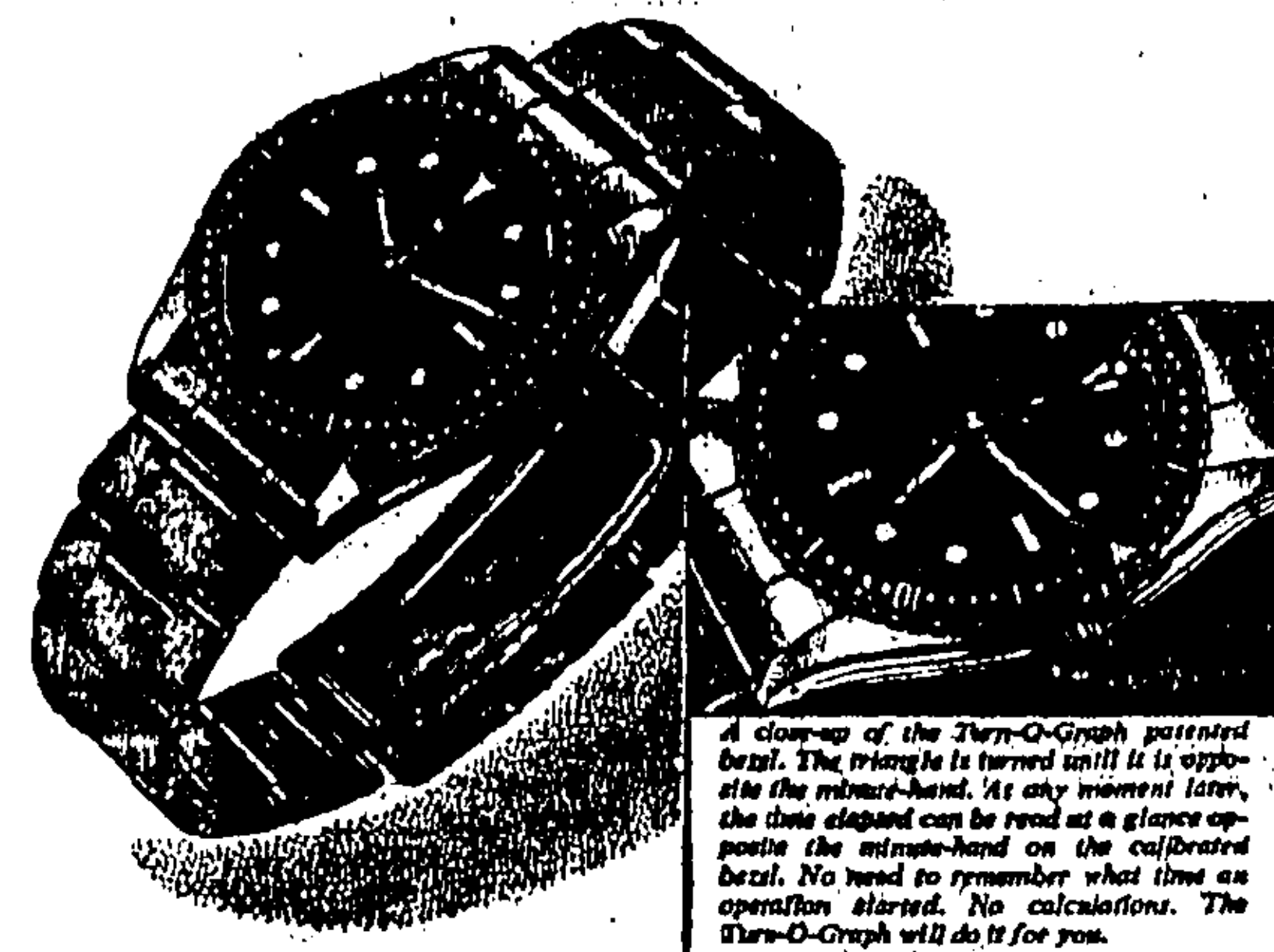
A Foreign Office spokesman said there is still no restriction on the size or weight of crates which embassies may bring into Britain—they are immune from search by international agreement.

So the power of 15,000,000 tons of TNT can be packed in one package.

And an H-bomb could be smuggled into London in packs and assembled in an embassy for possible use in an "atomic

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME!

A self-winding, waterproof watch that acts as a stop-watch



A close-up of the Turn-O-Graph patented bezel. The triangle is turned until it is opposite the minute-hand. As any moment later, the time elapsed can be read at a glance opposite the minute-hand on the calibrated bezel. No need to remember what time an operation started. No calculations. The Turn-O-Graph will do it for you.

THOUSANDS of men would like a stop-watch on their wrists. But the average stop-watch is a highly complicated instrument that may not always stand up to hard wear, and may need expensive servicing. It cannot be permanently waterproof—because of its push-buttons; it cannot be self-winding, because its hundred extra parts preclude the addition of a self-winding mechanism.

Now, Rolex has produced and patented the Turn-O-Graph, a new development in watch-making. It has a genuine Rolex Oyster Case (without push-buttons) and is consequently absolutely waterproof. It is self-wound by the smooth, silent Perpetual "rotor" mechanism. It has almost all the advantages of a stop-watch—and none of the complications. And, in addition, the Turn-O-Graph gives you the hardness and accuracy of the world-famous Rolex Oyster Perpetual, yet it costs very little more.

HOW IT WORKS

Round the dial of the Turn-O-Graph is a patented rotating bezel, calibrated from zero to sixty, with a clearly visible red

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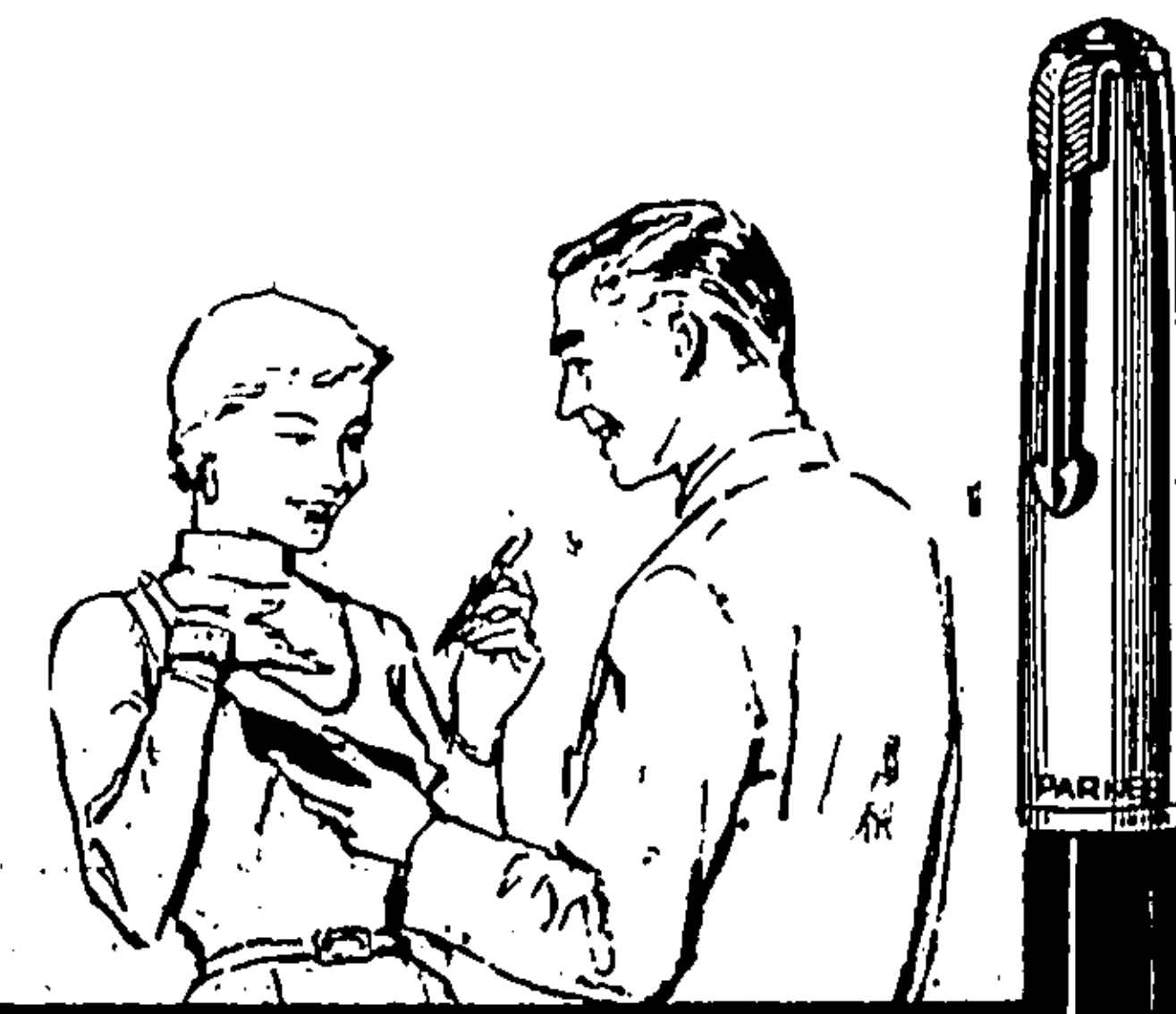
Alternatively, the red triangle on the bezel can be pre-set to show when an operation should start, or end, thus reminding you every one of the hundred times a day you look at your watch.

This simple, but remarkable, invention allows you to time anything—from the humble boiled egg to a trans-oceanic flight. There is no limit to the uses you will find for the Turn-O-Graph.

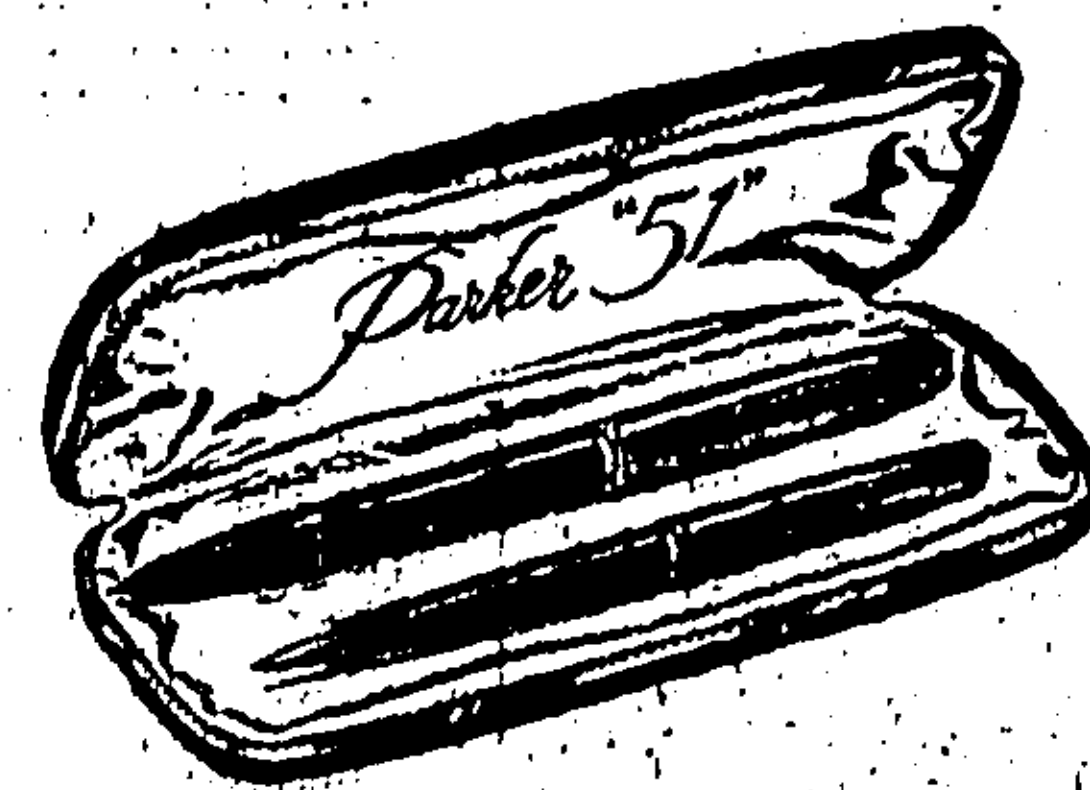
The Turn-O-Graph illustrated has an all-steel case with a jet-black dial. The sweep second-hand is equipped with a luminous tip. Also available with de luxe gold bezel and magnificent "honey-comb" white dial, tank, and Officially Certified chronometer movement. Write for detailed, illustrated brochure on the Turn-O-Graph, or see it at your nearest Rolex Jeweller.

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THE WHIRLWIND CALLED HOOLEY



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In two years he promoted £20 million worth of companies.

ERNEST TERAH HOOLEY descended on the financial and social world of London in the 1890's with the speed and effectiveness of a whirlwind. Within a couple of years he had promoted £20 million worth of companies from his headquarters on the first floor of St Pancras's Midland Grand Hotel.

Hooley was a darkly handsome figure with well-trimmed black Van Dyke beard and moustache. He had a most persuasive manner, and he always talked in millions.

He took the whole first floor of the Midland Grand at a cost of £200 a week, and there often gave as many as six simultaneous luncheon parties. He solved the problem of being in six places at once by eating hors d'oeuvres with one party, soup with another, fish with a third.

He moved on with the plan that urgent financial business needed his attention—and with any luck he got back to the first party in time for coffee.

Were the Hooley companies good? people asked. Dunlops, the Humber Cycle Company, Schweppes, Bovril, and the rest? You had only to look at the names of the directors to be convinced.

On the front page of each prospectus were such names as Earl de la Warr, Earl of Albemarle, Earl of Winchester, Duke of Somerset, and a title on a prospectus was more unusual in those days.

Prices went up

THERE were other guarantees that Hooley was respectable. He was a member of the Carlton Club. He had been offered two safe, Tory seats in Parliament, but had chosen to stand instead for the Radical division of Ilkeston in Derbyshire.

He was a gentleman farmer, Squire of Rusey Hall, in Nottinghamshire, in Cambridgeshire his Papworth Hall estate had a circumference of sixteen miles, and Hooley was expensive about the £250,000 he had spent on alterations to it. At home he was a great family man, devoted to the wife he had married in his early twenties, who was a little bewildered by her sudden translation to immense wealth.

He told visitors how he had sent for Sir Thomas Kingscote, keeper of the Queen's collar, to advise him about filling the Papworth blue. "Give me a cheque for £10,000 for wines and £2,000 for cigars," Sir Thomas had said. "If I want any more I'll let you know."

In the countryside he became a notable figure, visiting the local cattle markets in a phaeton pulled by a big black mare, with his agent beside him and a footman in the back seat. The farmers recognized his light grey check suit and scarlet waistcoat, and the price of everything went up as soon as he arrived. Everybody knew that Mr Hooley had plenty of money.

They believed him

HOOLEY told all his friends that soon after the Jubilee he would get his baronetcy. People believed him, because it seemed that he could do anything.

Against all precedent he was appointed High Sheriff of Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire. Dressed in a gorgeous scarlet uniform he drove down behind four bay horses, in a carriage which had cost a small fortune, to meet Her Majesty's judge taking the Assize. He gave a luncheon to 70 guests to commemorate the occasion, which began with oysters, moved on to lobster and prawns in aspic, then to sweetbreads, boiled turkey and truffled asparagus and other delicacies. The luncheon cost about £200.

Ernest Hooley did only the huge things. When he talked, he talked in millions. When he bought, he bought in millions. When he sold, his gain was millions. And when he crashed, he fell, quite coolly, into the biggest scandal of the day.

THE GREAT GAMBLERS

The Story of Six People Who Played With Fire (No. 4)

by JULIAN SYMONS

A few months after this luncheon Ernest Terah Hooley filed his petition of bankruptcy. He showed debts of more than £1,500,000.

The Hooley bankruptcy examination was one of the greatest scandals of the nineties.

For Hooley quite calmly said that the prime cause of his bankruptcy was the enormous amount of money he had paid out to various members of the nobility to serve on his boards, and to journalists for services rendered in the Press.

He had bought the Dunlop company for £3 million, he told the Receiver, and sold it after a short time for £5 million. The Receiver dryly asked: "Of what did your duty as promoter consist?"

"A promoter buys a business and sells it again," Hooley said. He added amidst laughter: "The most important thing in the whole matter is the front page of the prospectus."

On the front page of the Dunlop prospectus were the names Earl de la Warr, Duke of Somerset and Earl of Albemarle. Had they been paid anything for becoming directors?

Hooley coyly refused to answer. Then he said with apparent reluctance: "I paid Lord de la Warr £50,000, of which he was to have £25,000, and split the rest."

"How was the remaining £25,000 divided?"

"The Duke of Somerset received nothing. Lord Albemarle received £12,500. He should have had half but I don't think he knew what the half amounted to."

There was more laughter. Before long the proceedings turned into pure comedy as Hooley told how he had paid £400 to an agent for the purpose of "quieting papers generally." He had paid £1,000 to a financial paper so that he could write his own article on his companies—"and a very good article too," he said approvingly. He had given £3,000 to the former City editor of the Pall Mall Gazette to leave that paper.

"Why?"

"Because he was always on about me and my companies."

Scandal grew

THEN Hooley returned from Press to nobility. He had paid Lord Winchester £10,000, he had paid Lord Dunsannon a large debenture, he had had serious trouble with Lord Templeton who had not been satisfied with a sum of £500 a year, so that Hooley actually had to pay him money to leave the board of Schweppes.

With all the various demands on his purse Hooley reckoned that Bovril, which he bought for £2,000,000 and sold for half a million more, showed him only £30,000 net profit. In the case of Schweppes, where a paper profit of £230,000 was shown, he claimed that he had actually lost money.

At the second session of Hooley's examination the scandal grew. Since his original statement, the financier said, he had been approached separately by Lord de la Warr, by some of the directors of the Humber Company, and by an agent of Lord Albemarle.

All of them had offered him money to say that the amounts received by them were the result of business dealings. Hooley had threatened to punch the head of one man.

"You did very right," said the Registrar. "You might have served a prison sentence for perjury."

Hooley struck a dramatic attitude. "I would rather have done a month in gaol than admit all this." It was noticed, however, that he seemed to be enjoying himself.

Rather difficult

THERE more or less eminent people attacked were now represented by a battery of learned counsel. Special sittings were held at which Hooley's statements were contradicted. Pressed by the Receiver, however, all the people concerned admitted receiving money from Hooley, but said that it was in the way of business.

What about that telegram sent by the secretary of the Humber Company to his directors: "Given away absolutely including the attempt to square?" That was really rather difficult to explain, and the Humber directors were fined for contempt of court. The peers involved got off more lightly, with some scathing comments in the Press.

As the hearings progressed it became clear that the reasons for Hooley's failure, apart from his extravagance, were his deliberate disregard of business methods and his refusal to keep proper accounts. There was nothing wrong with most of the companies he had promoted, but only with the way Hooley handled them.

£50,000 cheque

THE biggest titbit of all came when Hooley testified that he had given a commission note for £20,000 to Sir William Marriott for various useful introductions, and had paid him £1,000 after being elected to the Carlton Club.

Marriott was a Liberal turned Tory, a politician of some importance and a leading light in the Carlton Club. He had been Judge Advocate-General under Lord Salisbury, and a Chancellor of the Privy Seal.

Under examination he admitted receiving the money, but said it was on account of a private transaction. He agreed that Hooley had contributed £10,000 to party funds. He agreed also that Hooley had given a cheque for £20,000 under the impression that he would get a baronetcy—but the cheque had never been presented.

During his cross-examination by Sir George Lewis, Marriott was stung into protesting that he had really done a lot of work for Hooley. "I do not think you would have done it if nothing yourself," Sir George, he said.

Lewis replied grimly: "I certainly should not have done what you have done, Sir William, and I am not a Queen's Counsel."

Shortly after the hearings ended Marriott emigrated to South Africa, and spent his last years there.

A little fun

THE bankruptcy of Hooley's story, but it was the end of his social ambitions. It has never been clear why he chose to attack his aristocratic friends at his examination, and to reveal things about which he could easily have kept quiet.

Probably he realised that the game was up and decided to have a little fun for all the money he had spent in later life he saw the inside of more than one prison, but lived on into a cheerful old age. Up to the time of his death in 1947 he made a handsome living out of some of the men and women who were dazzled by his breezy charm.

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NEXT SATURDAY:

A knighthood? Twelve thousand pounds makes it easier, said Mr Gregory

Meat? They Like Lollipops More



SINCE meat came off the ration I have been trying to make my children carnivorous. So far the experiment has been a complete failure. If they were allowed, they would still prefer to live exclusively on sticky sweets, ice-cream cornets, new potatoes, and fizzy lemonade.

It is useless to tell them that if they do not finish their meat they will never grow into big, strong people. They say they do not specially want to. They say they are quite happy as they are. As regular visitors to the Zoo they also know that elephants live on buns, and what could be bigger or stronger than an elephant?

Lions and tigers eat meat but my children do not want to be lions or tigers. Nor wolves. They would not mind being bears, because then they would be all furry and live in a cave on honey. But on the whole they would prefer to go on being children and eat sweets.

Better line

So I have abandoned natural history without even mentioning that bears eat meat too. If I had brought that up they would only have side-tracked me by asking if they ate people. And, if so, how many.

History seemed a better line. The roast beef of old England! These were the days! Every soldier ate a pound of meat a day and the Navy lived on

BERNARD WICKSTEED
finds it's no fun teaching the children the joys of a joint

I built up a terrific story. I was a regular Blimp of the Breakfast Table. It didn't mean a thing to them. Were there any jet fighters at Waterloo? Not even any helicopters? What a feeble battle that must have been. As for Trafalgar, with its ships made of wood! You can see battles like that on the ponds of Hampstead Heath! Now if they had an ice-cream in those days instead of only meat they might have been clever enough to think of submarines and aircraft carriers. I tried them with the Romans and the Ancient Greeks. Great people till they took to spaghetti and rice. It did not impress the children a bit, the little brats. All they wanted to know was whether the spaghetti was in tins or long packets.

I thought at first I had scored a point when I said that cowboys and Indians ate buffalo meat, and it was much the same as the beef on our plates. That shocked the children for a moment, and they actually ate a mouthful or two.

But the victory did not last long. They soon thought of a comeback to that one. They were quite prepared to eat beef instead of buffalo, they said, if I would shoot a cow with a bow and arrow, and then roast it about 50s. a bottle. Otherwise it wasn't fair.

You just can't win with children. It's a wonder that any of them ever reach maturity without being strangled.

Here was the house looking like a Gilles cartoon. There was meat everywhere. The great liberation from rationing was here! And what do these starving little victims of food shortage do about it?

They tell me to go and shoot a cow with a bow and arrow! It was just the same during the war. With enormous effort I brought home a bunch of bananas in the bomb bay of a Liberator. I had only one child then and he had never seen a banana.

No, thank you

We peeled one and put it in front of him, then sat round to enjoy his delight. Well, you can guess what happened. He took one mouthful, chewed it slowly and thoughtfully like an old cow with a cud, and then said: "No more, thank you. I do not like bananas."

Are all children like this? I sometimes try to interest mine in their food by telling them about the tremendous feasts I have seen in my travels. I told them about that feast in Tonga on the Royal Tour when there was a whole pig for every guest. I told them about the meal in Aden when a Sultan sitting next to me handed me an entire leg of mutton to eat in my hand like a drumstick. They simply said: "Did you eat it all? Didn't you leave any? Not even a little scrap?" Serve them right if they do grow up into vegetarians! Grrr....Grrrr....GROWL!

Ian Mercer meets the Dancing Priest, who says:

'GOD IS EVERYWHERE... IN NIGHT CLUBS TOO'

HOLIDAYMAKERS who have not penetrated further south than the Pyrenees would never dream of taking the family to a night club unless all the members of it were grown up.

Here in the "Golden Isle," however, you can safely take your youngest children along too for nothing happens in a Mallorquin night club that could possibly shock the sensibilities of even the legendary Mrs Grundy. The Church in Spain, against which much has been said and written, at least seems to that.

Having just done the round of Palma's leading night spots, I can say quite positively that they are harmless, very gay, and extremely entertaining without ever descending to that vulgarity which is, or seems to be, the criterion of such places elsewhere on the Continent.

AT TITO'S:

At Tito's, for instance, I sat next to a party of Spaniards that included a bishop, a judge, and one of the Civil Governors. They all thoroughly enjoyed themselves, drinking in the course of the whole evening two bottles of champagne between them. It worked out at a quarter of a bottle each, consumed over a

period of more than four hours.

The floor show, which began at midnight, was as good as any I have seen anywhere in Europe since the war. There were two spectacularly clever dancers from Andalusia, who demonstrated just how the wildly beautiful flamenco should be put over; a young French soprano, unknown to me before, who sang delightfully; and a team of acrobats with a truly magnificent act. I remained till closing time (3 a.m.) and my bill, for two brandies and sodas and a ham sandwich (there is no charge for admission), came to a little under ten shillings.

GOOD CABARET

At the Trocadero, where I went the following night, the cabaret was equally good, and here, as at Tito's, there was nothing the most rigid moralist could possibly have objected to. All the performers were fully dressed (anything approaching nudity would land them in a police cell); everybody, including some American sailors, behaved well; the prices were extraordinarily reasonable. Actually, on this occasion I went all out, hanging the expense, and treated myself to a bottle of Spain's best champagne. Very dry and really good. It is called Maseo, and it still cost me well under a pound.

Another popular 'haunt of vice' is the Ibiza, where you can spend the evening dancing to one of the city's finest bands, seeing an absolutely first-class floor show, and meeting many of the natives who enjoy nothing better than to practise their English, all for considerably less than you pay for a tea dance in London's West End.

Jack el Negro, which is far and away the most fashionable of Palma's many night clubs, opens only in summer, for it is an outdoor place of entertainment. The commissionaire, who spends the winter months between the harbour and the airport looking for customers for a small hotel, told me the other day that Jack el Negro will be opening at Easter this year. That is good news for visitors who will be coming here at the beginning of the season, for though the establishment is rather more expensive than any of its competitors, it is certainly costing about 50s. a bottle—you get full value for money.

At my last port of call, the Cabello Blanco, situated picturesquely in one of the narrow, winding streets of the old city, which is definitely second-class, but nonetheless respectable, a very remarkable incident occurred. It would, indeed, have been remarkable in any country in the world. Here, in Catholic Spain, it was well nigh incredible.

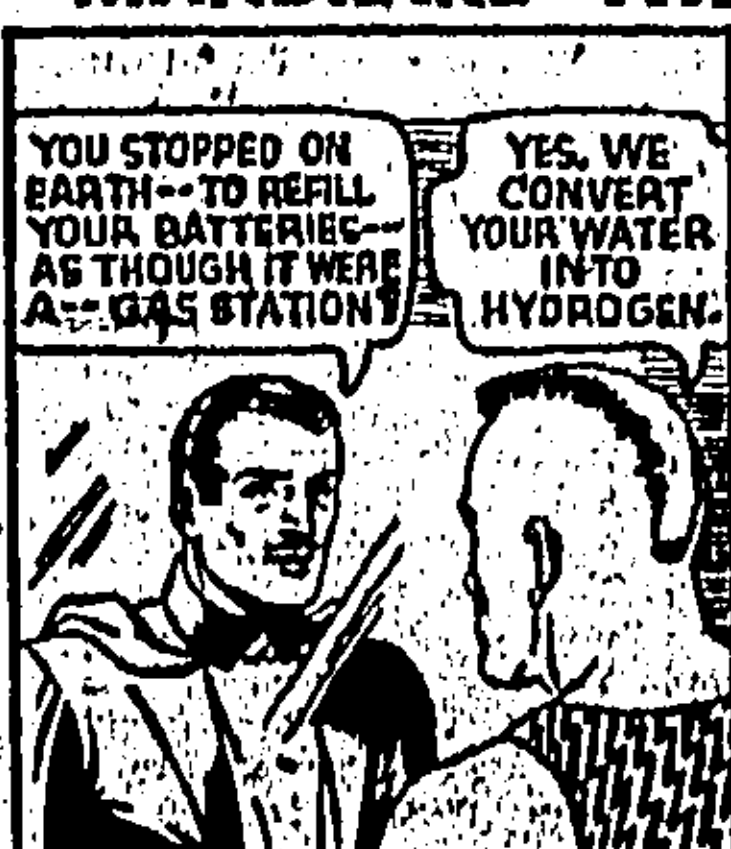
TO MASS.

The priest from a nearby church in a young fellow with twinkling eyes and a fine figure, danced all the other revellers off their feet, and then, at sunrise, took most of the habitués of the place round to his church to celebrate Mass. When I asked him about it afterwards, he said something that I will long remember, and which seems to prove that the Spanish priests are not so far behind the times as is generally believed:

"There is nothing in our religion which says a man must not enjoy himself," he observed, "and God is everywhere, not only in churches, but in night clubs too."

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



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HOW HITLER TRIED TO FIND OUR SECRET BASE

By **LESLIE MONTGOMERY**
as told to
Gordon Thomas

"DESTROY at all costs Germany's secret radar device at Bruneval, France!" That top priority order started off one of the finest coups of World War Two.

It had all started when the Continental Underground signalled London that the enemy were accurately plotting our course when we were carrying spies and supplies.

The RAF were determined to keep the activities of the Squadron secret. We were the vital link in the espionage chain that Britain had forged through Occupied Europe.

Commando paratroopers were chosen to destroy the secret radar station. They were hand-picked for their ruthlessness and lightning efficiency. Many of them knew it would be a "one-way" trip, only that come with me on this thrilling adventure.

The French coast slid past. The paratroopers watched their landing gear's light, and for the third time I checked their gear. In a moment they would jump.

"Go!" The Dispatcher's shout was cut in the wind howling through the gapping hatch, and the Commandos vanished groundwards. It was almost midnight on February 27, 1942.

Quickly, they returned on the ground, collected their explosive containers, and set off at a fast trot. Leading them was a member of the local Resistance.

AN AMBUSH

Ahead, houses loomed up. They had reached Bruneval. Suddenly, the guide diverged for cover, followed by the others. A German sentry was a few yards away.

His head was cocked at an angle, as if he were listening intently. His rifle was raised waist-high.

Time stood still. Then, the Commando wormed towards the guard. He leapt, drawing an ugly dagger from a sheath. His left arm swung in an arc about the Nazi's throat—and a startled shout ended in a choked groan.

The black-faced Commandos sneaked into the town, knives at the ready. Facing up a side street, they heard a patrol approaching and took cover.

The unsuspecting Germans marched into the ambush. In seconds, they lay dead on the pavement, and the Commandos moved swiftly past the shattered bodies.

Quickly, they surrounded the radar station. Two more muffled screams, and two more guards were killed. In less than five minutes the outer defences of the secret radar station had been penetrated.

Muscle and laughter could be heard coming from a side room of the big house. The paratroopers kicked the door open, and six Nazi officers sprang to their feet, unable to believe their eyes.



The trick worked.... stripped, one of the German "airmen" had over £3,000 strapped to his body.

A sudden burst of gunfire broke the spell. The officers sagged to the floor.

Quickly, the paratroopers photographed the radar equipment before smashing it to a meaningless shambles.

Then, as suddenly as they had come, they vanished once more. Before the dazed Germans could counter-attack, the party were aboard Royal Navy ships and speeding for Dover.

The Cloak and Dagger Squadron were safe once more for a time at least. But Hitler desperately wanted to destroy us. Time and again he flayed his Chiefs of Staff because they were unable to unearth our secret airfield.

So, one night a solitary aircraft drifted towards our base at Tempsford, Bedfordshire. But none of our aircraft were flying that night!

DESERTED

The airfield appeared deserted from the air. Within seconds scores of guns were trained on the approaching plane.

It was a German one!

Steadily, it creaked—and then neatly dropped a line of flares down the main runway. The aerodrome had been discovered. But the whispered order: "Don't fire!" restrained the anxious gunners.

A miss—and we would have given the game away!

For minutes the aircraft circled overhead, trying to decide whether the airfield was derelict. But the flares were dying, and their long shadows must have fooled the pilot.

For some reason he started to bomb the surrounding countryside.

But the closest we came to discovery was on a cold night in January 1943. A Junkers 88 streaked across the East Coast, hugged the low Fenlands and dropped the two spies a few miles from Tempsford.

CAUGHT

Both were wearing RAF uniforms. Both headed for the airfield. They bluffed their way past the sentry guards with the story that they had been on their way to a bomber base in Lincolnshire, but had run out of petrol.

Having seen an aircraft take off, they had assumed that there was an airfield near by where they could stop the night.

Their papers were in order. They both had no other recollections. They used the right mixture of Service jargon to express their plight.

But no Cloak and Dagger pilot had flown that night.

At the guard room, the plausible agents repeated their story. But they were over-energetic. The night duty officer thought it odd that two airmen should be asking skilfully phrased questions about the work of the airfield.

Intelligence officers were called in. Politely, they heard the spies out. Then the real questioning started. Hour after hour they grilled the two men.

Where was their car? Why hadn't they been sent by troop train to their new airfield? How

had they seen an aircraft flying from the base when none had taken off? Why didn't they tell the truth?

The two spies bluffed their way out of these questions. Next the interrogator tried trickery. They barked sudden questions at them in German. The agents looked baffled.

Then the Intelligence officers struck up a conversation in German. The gist of it was they were sure the two men were spies, and that they should be shot in the morning.

The trick worked. One of the men started to twitch uneasily.

Quickly, the Intelligence men pounced. They stripped the two men of their clothes. Strapped to the body of one "airman" was over £3,000. The game was up. It was only a short step from there to a firing squad.

Once more Hitler had been thwarted in his bid to uncover the Cloak and Dagger Squadron.

RED TAPE

Perhaps the biggest single thorn in the enemy's side was Wing-Commander F. Yeo-Thomas. The Germans called him the White Rabbit, and he was as elusive. I couldn't help thinking he seemed incredibly young for the daring and exacting task of reorganising the French Maquis.

The Maquis were brilliant fighters—men and women who played havoc with German morale. But they fought in isolated groups. Yeo-Thomas was to link them into a powerful Underground army.

Weather conditions stopped me from dropping him the first time. But two days later, he and a colleague dropped over France.

Later, Yeo-Thomas returned to England and demanded more support for the Resistance. But red tape bogged him down.

Angry, he took an unheard-of step. He insisted on an interview with Prime Minister Winston Churchill.

He got it. For fifty minutes he argued with Churchill on that cold afternoon of February 1, 1944.

It was one of the most eventful interviews of the whole war, and ended with Churchill promising Yeo-Thomas a hundred more aircraft and all the land support possible.

By berating the top man of the land in his own den, the amazing spy had slashed red tape and struck a resounding blow for the Maquis.

He had also overnight doubled our work. But once in a while, but only minded that.

Soon, no part of Europe was safe from us, and we dropped agents in Poland and Czechoslovakia. It was almost fifteen hours' flying to these cranks. Because of the fuel load, each aircraft carried only a few rounds of ammunition.

There was no chance of missing the dropping points in Poland. Their Underground army had captured German searchlights to guide us in!

THE COUPLE

Most spies showed no emotion as we flew them to their destination. But once in a while they told heart-touching stories.

There was the night I took a young husband and wife across to the outskirts of Paris in the Spring of 1943. Early in the war they had escaped from France, leaving their two young children behind.

Like so many others, this couple had volunteered for espionage, and were now on their first mission. They sat their first night, holding hands like lovers. They were both going together, in the hope that a married couple would not arouse the suspicions of the watchful Gestapo.

Like married people the world over, they told me of their family. There was a wistful longing in the woman's voice when she told me that their children were staying with their grandmother just outside Paris.

But they had strict orders not to go near any of their relatives. Personal emotions must not interfere with espionage.

With the aircraft thundering through flak, the mother told me their plans for her children when the war ended.

By now we were circling the dropping zone. This time no reception committee was to be waiting, so as to minimise the risk of detection.

Both agents embraced before they jumped. The scene brought a lump to my throat. The woman jumped first. Just before the man followed, he told me the tragedy of their life.

A few days earlier, he had heard that his children had died in an RAF bombing mission. But his voice held no bitterness—war did not allow for personal grief.

St. Raphael APÉRITIF

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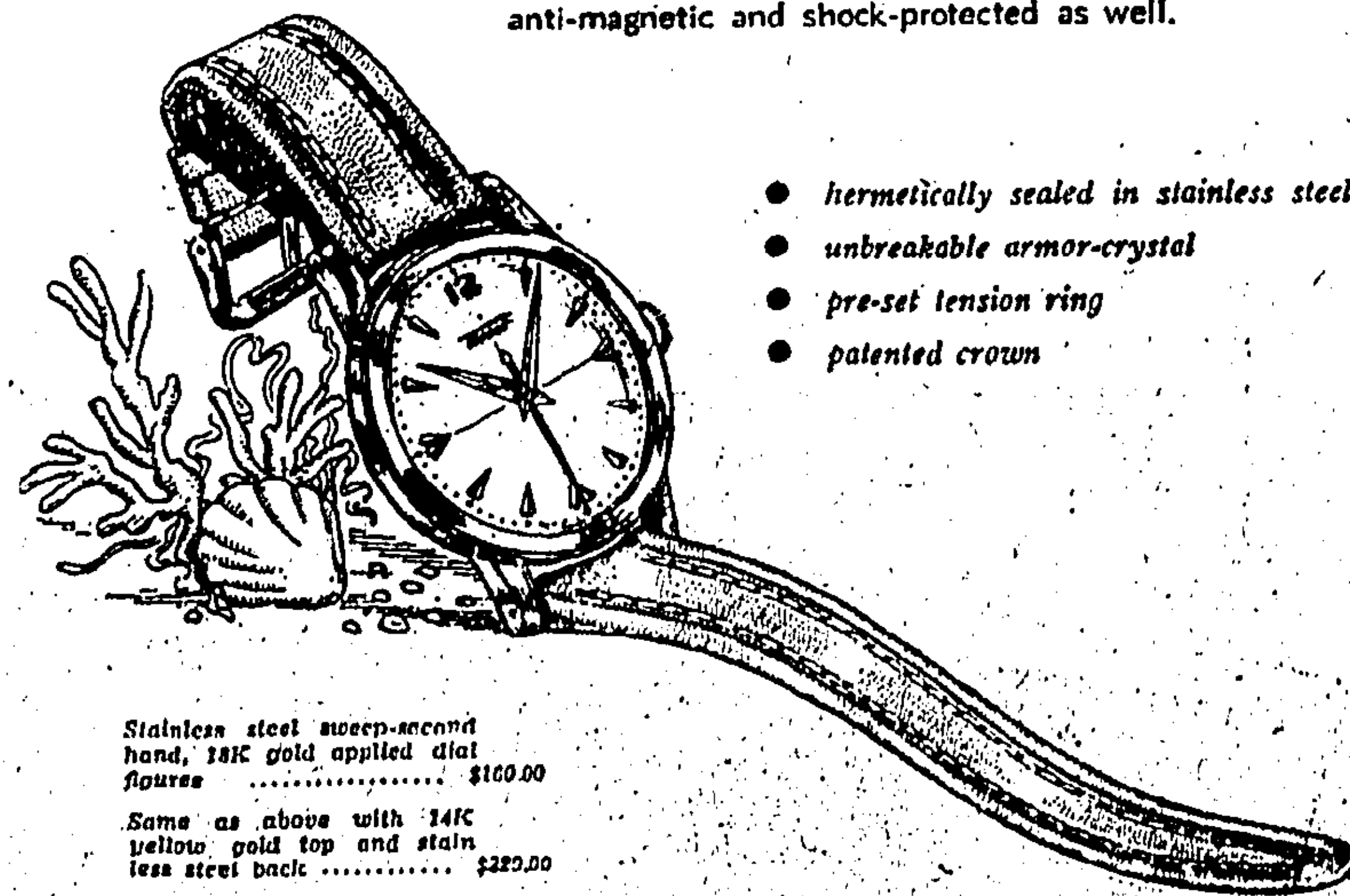
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EUROPE IS THEIR "AMERICA"

OF the half a million American troops and airmen in Europe, many, upon being discharged, choose to stay behind and make Europe their home.

Not a few, if they follow the pattern of American soldier expatriates from the First World War, will never see the United States again.

The reasons are varied, but the fact is (as World War Two American troops were astonished to learn) there are many Americans who first went to Europe with General John J. (Black Jack) Pershing's doughboys of the American Expeditionary Force, and never went home.

The current crop of American expatriates from the Allied occupation include a number of high-ranking officers, as well as bright young soldiers.

Unlike the First War's crop of U.S. expatriates, those lingering behind in

Europe—mainly in Germany—are not primarily the dreamy types. Most are energetic businessmen. They don't write avant-garde literature. They operate restaurants, hotels, night clubs, factories and export-import concerns.

Three Examples

Three examples are a private, a general and a colonel.

Private Marvin Sochet, of the 48th Armoured Medical Battalion, has purchased a controlling interest in the Jenny Club in Wiesbaden. At 300, as he received his European discharge, he will begin managing the club. The Jenny Club, in the downtown section, has cov-

seats and small candle-lit booths which offer what Sochet calls "an intriguing, intimate atmosphere."

Besides a regular dance band, Sochet plans to offer European fencing matches as entertainment for his largely American clientele.

Highpoint of the new club, according to Sochet, will be the manner in which the food and drink will be served. A miniature railway will circle the walls behind glass sheets. As guests seat themselves, trains dispatch a special order-taking car that chugs along to the appropriate table.

Sochet expects to operate the Jenny as a private club, with admission by invitation only. Those issued original guest cards will have the privilege of bringing new members. War brought American Brigadier-General Arthur J. McChrystal to Salzburg. Cupid keeps him there. As a hotelier, his guests are the most to-
cent—Prince Aly Khan.

A Press officer at General Dwight D. Eisenhower's headquarters, McChrystal was assigned to Austria in 1945 to set up an American information service.

"One of the first things we did in Salzburg when we arrived," he recalls, "was to requisition Hotel Bristol in Salzburg, which is owned by Hans Hubner."

"Hubner's daughter was occupying a corner room that we needed for a colonel, so we threw her out. That did it. She was determined to get even. So she married me!"

Three Years

When McChrystal retired from the Army in 1948, he leased another hotel, the Cobenzl, atop Galsberg, overlooking Salzburg, from his father-in-law. Many international personalities have been his guests. Among the most re-

For three years, an American Army colonel and his wife travelled all over West Germany in their free time looking for good Italian restaurants. They found several but none that served spaghetti and pizza pie the way they like it.

So, former Lieut-Colonel Frank O. Brown, recently retired from the U.S. Army, opened his own Italian restaurant at Erzhausen, Germany, and called it "Spaghetti House Brown." His wife does all the cooking.

They believe it is the only American-owned Italian restaurant in Germany. They picked this little town near the Saar border for several reasons. While stationed in nearby Kaiserslautern for nearly three years, Brown got to know many of the thousands of Americans at the huge military base.

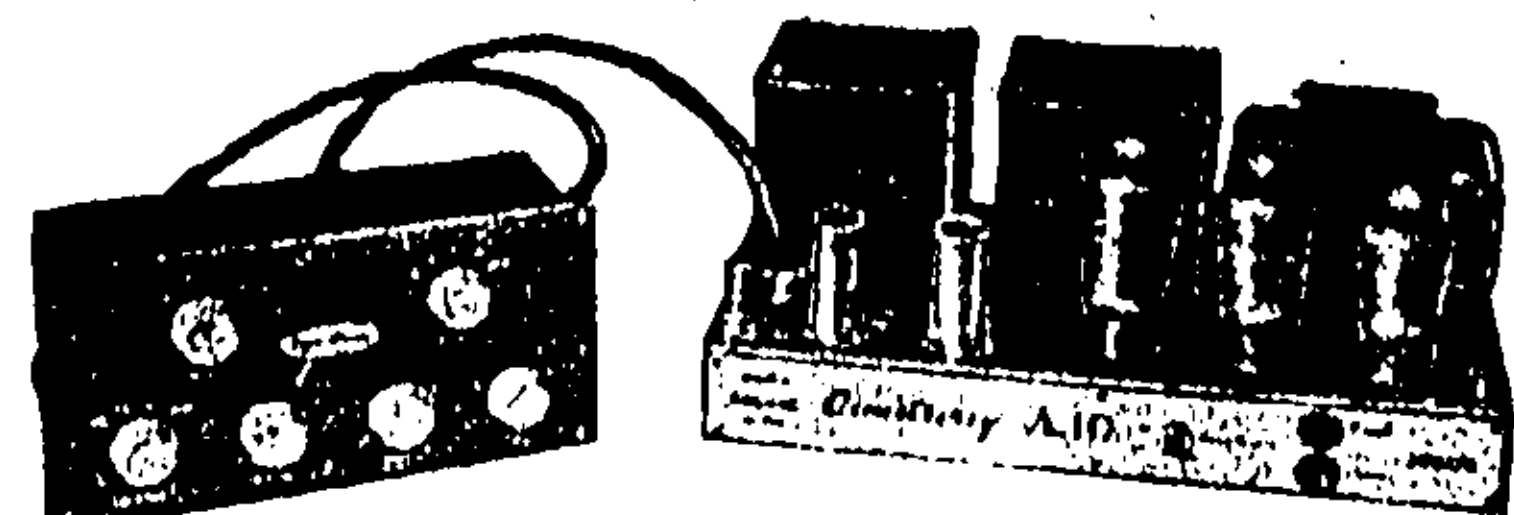
As commanding officer of an engineer unit, he met many German businessmen who worked with him on construction projects. Another factor was the decision by Brown and his wife to settle in Germany. They have rented a home-complex with swimming pool, tennis court, and a beautiful view of the Rhine, which should make them feel at home.

NORMAN LINDHURST VISITS SOME OF THE U.S. SERVICEMEN WHO PREFER TO STAY BEHIND IN EUROPE TO FIND OUT WHY THEY DO IT . . .

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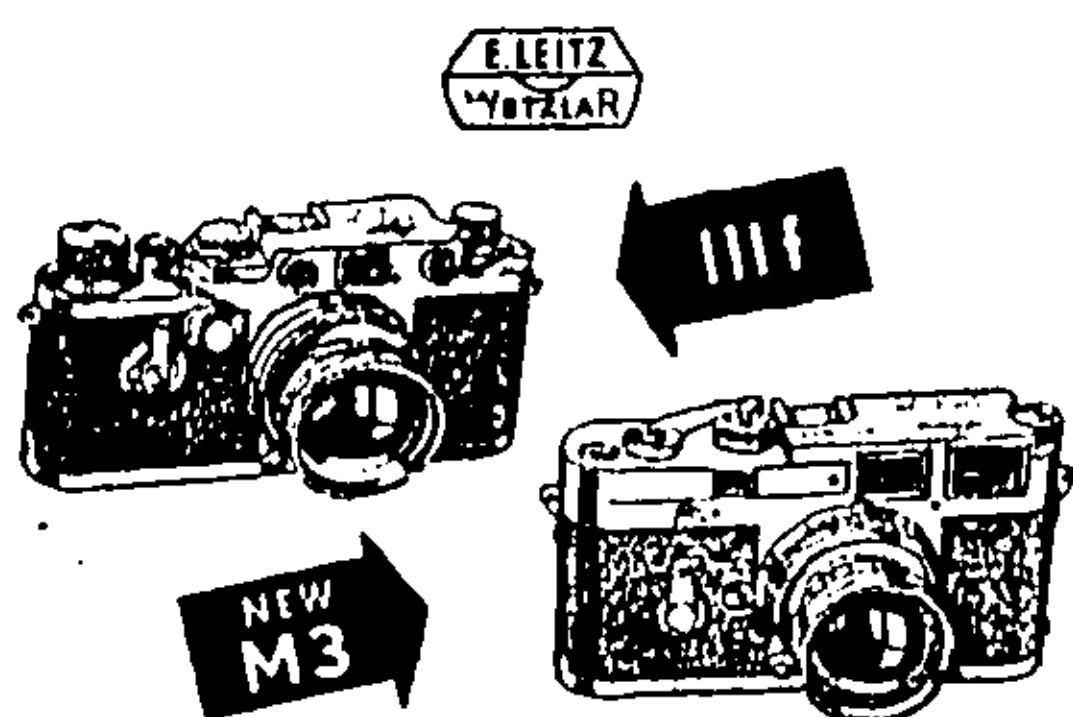
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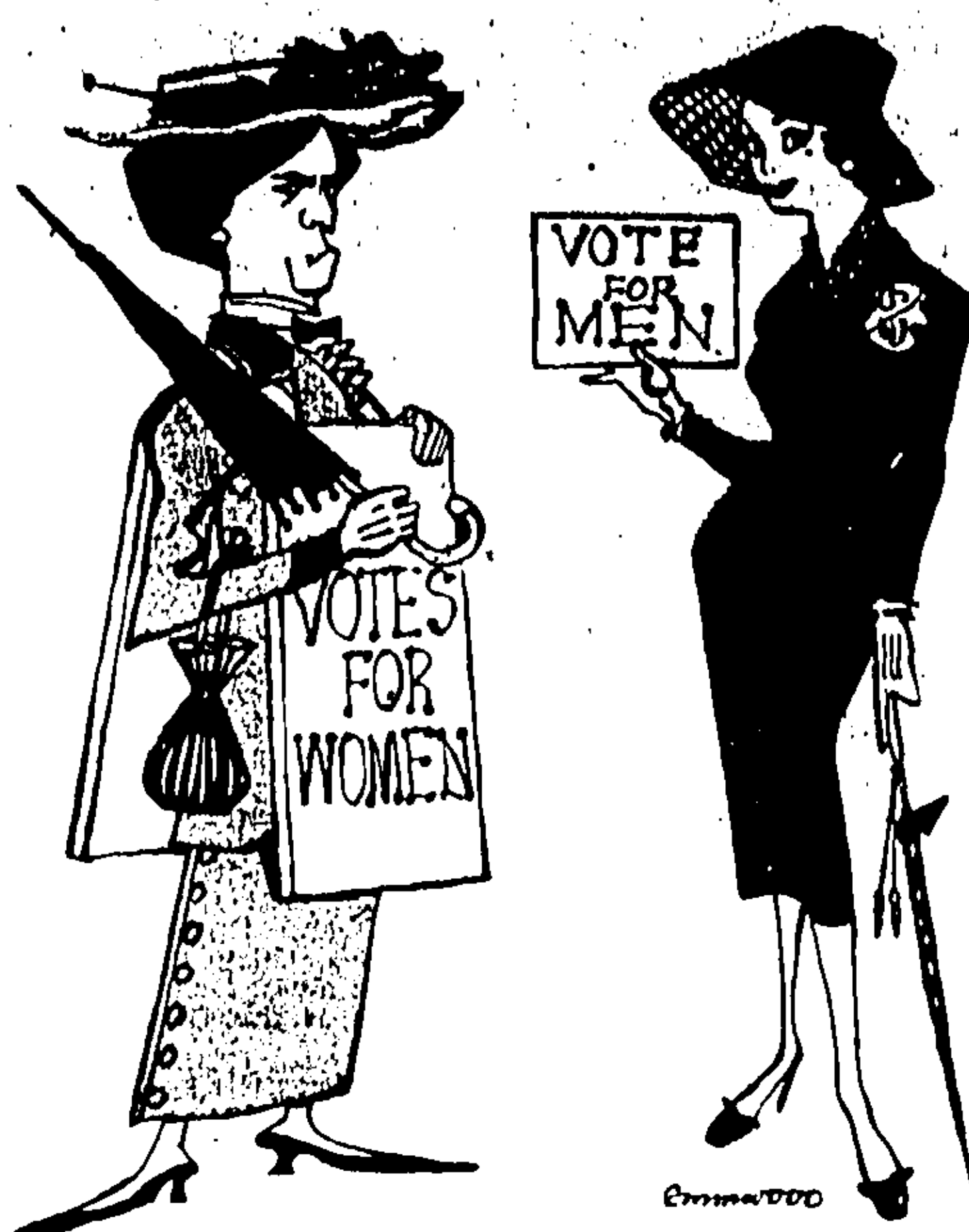
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ROYAL DUTCH
AIRLINES



'I say their march to freedom
has proved
a long march to NOWHERE'

by ROBERT PITMAN

William Hickey

IN THE (false) SPRING MY FANCY
TURNS TO A BYGONE FASHION

I HAVE had a rather inspiring day in London. It was partly the weather. The sun shone. The air was warm. Suits looked shabby. It was a false spring.

I decided that the phrase would sound better in French—un faux printemps. It would make a wonderful title for a suite of music.

But the major inspiration of the day was a woman. Her name was Enid Chancelle. She is blonde, very good-looking, with a smile that makes you want to smile too. And she is very successful in the dress business.

She is a rarity among successful women. She still has the gift of making men that she meets think they are terribly important.

She can also make them talk.

Changing taste

There were so many ideas flowing over the lunch-table that we forgot to eat our food, and the waiters kept on trying to take plates and glasses away from us.

We talked about changes in taste and ideas—Enid Chancelle is intelligent enough to realise that to be successful in selling fashion she must catch the changes in public opinion when they are just flying in on the wings of time.

She finds that women are beginning to like clothes that are more romantic, more feminine.

And that got us on to the problem whether we are approaching a new Victorian Age.

Of course, it won't be—it happens—a repetition of the 19th century. But it may repeat the main currents of opinion. The next generation may be prudish, reserved, disciplined.

The girls may even be coy. And they may look at their outpoken parents with the same mixture of horror and sadness as that with which the young Victoria and Albert set regarded their coarse Regency forebears.

Books may be bowdlerised by a new Bowdler. Bad language may be frowned on.

And—to be serious—I have no doubt that it will be a more religious age.

The Mrs. Knights and their "morals without religion" will be looked on as unenlightened pagans, suffering from intellectual arrogance and a shallow psychology.

Provincial taste

By this time we had got a long way from the fashion business. So we tackled the main dish and said how beautiful Margaret Leighton

was sitting the other side of the room, was looking. She was dressed in something rather flowing. The colour was brown. But it was a soft and lovely colour that "brown" doesn't do justice to. She looked as if she had taken trouble about dressing for lunch.

I said so to Enid Chancelle. She agreed. And then she added: "You know, London women don't dress up for an occasion nearly as much as they do in the provinces."

She is preoccupied with the provinces and knows what she is talking about. She started as a window-dresser in Bourne-mouth. And has gradually expanded a chain of shops in Winchester, Oxford, and on the South Coast. Now that her Knightsbridge shop is going well she is going to break into the rich Northern and Midlands market.

A smarter look

I'm sure she is right about the so-called "provincial women." When I was in Manchester and Liverpool last month I noticed that when women came out for a meal or a drink they took far more care about their appearance than the casual Londoners.

For one thing, they are far more careful about their gloves—and that I think is one of the most significant things about a woman's dress.

I think the main reason is that since the war there has been an enormous swing in prosperity. The provinces especially the North and the Midlands are richer than London.

Servants are employed outside London far more than in the capital. Men have more money to spend on their wives. In London, I am afraid, men tend to spend more money on themselves than on their women. The dear "little woman" has to make do with an old dress and something round the neck that has cost a few shillings at the stores.

A new motto

At this stage of the lunch we took breath and had another look round the room. There was Beatrice Lillie, looking as

ARE WOMEN A WASH-OUT?

ARE women a wash-out in public life? Is their proper place in the home? Is the best service they can render the community that of sticking to the task of being good wives and mothers? It is an appropriate moment to consider these questions.

Turn back the clock just 25 years—to a cold March day in Stanley Baldwin's time.

The last stroke of noon—and by the Thames the sound of traffic is hushed. In the crowded gardens below Parliament rises an agitated figure in robes of rose and cream. It is Dame Ethel Smyth, the composer.

She twitches the baton, and—as her "March of the Women" comes rumbling from the instruments of the Metropolitan Police Band—a stately troop of women, led by Stanley Baldwin and the Bishop of Barking, paces on to the platform.

TRUMPETS

SOON Mr Baldwin himself is speaking: "I say with no fear of contradiction... a niche in the temple of fame..." His lips fall freshly through the quiet air.

Suddenly trumpets ring out; Mr Baldwin touches an electric

button; the mauve and green draperies begin falling; the policemen born Dame Ethel's solemnest chords; and, to a murmur of awe the bronze figure of Mrs. Pankhurst—Suffragette, agitator and late Conservative—glances mutely revealed on its plinth.

The year is 1930. The date, March 6. The occasion? The celebration of Mrs Pankhurst's victory for womanhood.

The ceremony, it may be noted, is apt. The musical policemen, for example, are drawn from a body which once dragged to goal not only Mrs Pankhurst—to whose statue they now puff homage—but also their temporary conductor and half their audience too.

ON AND ON

MR BALDWIN, equally apt, attends as leader of the Tories, who resisted votes for women from the beginning. Yet Baldwin himself had recently brought in the final instalment, the Flippers' Vote.

Nineteen-thirty and the trumpets sound—only a quarter of a century after Mrs Pankhurst began the great march.

Now, in 1955, another quarter century has limped by and the march of the women still sweeps onwards, almost at the double.

The justice of it cannot be denied. Yet unavoidably the question arises: What has it all amounted to? There is only one answer: "Almost nothing."

Take first a single item, the number of women working outside their homes.

From feminist writers we hear continual reports of a huge female army marching to Britain's aid. An army of women engineers. One feminist has even sifted out examples of women plumbers and gravediggers.

What are the facts? How many able-bodied women has this army mustered?

Turn to the census returns for 1951. We find that 34.2 per cent of all women were then "gainfully occupied."

Guess the great advance today. In 1951 just on 34.5 per cent of all women were gainfully occupied. A brave march this—in 20 years a gain of a third of one percent.

Yet this stands for woman's effort in the mass. Turn now to the leaders.

In 1931, 16 women were elected to Parliament. Twenty years later this total had soared gloriously—to 17.

Feminists blame prejudice for this. But they fail to say what our women politicians have achieved to shake such prejudice.

THE MINISTERS

A SIMPLE comparison is instructive. In 1929 Britain had its first woman Minister of the Crown, Miss Margaret Bondfield. In 1951 Margaret Bondfield becomes her latest successor, the first Tory woman to win such status. There the similarity ends.

For, whereas Ramsay MacDonald strengthened his Government by putting Miss Bondfield in, Sir Winston immensely strengthened his 1954 Government by booting Miss Bondfield out.

The ladies' squad paraded by Mr Attlee is scarcely richer in political genius. For in politics, Mr Attlee is scarcely a giant. Braddock are scarcely giants.

"But," the wall goes up, "women have less opportunity. Prejudice will pick a mediocre man before a brilliant woman."

This boot, however, really hits the other foot. Consider our present woman M.P.s born as men. Most of them, with their present talents, would never have reached even their present undizzy heights.

Even from the thin record of women M.P.s there are several who were helped to Westminster by family ties.

Lady Astor dropped into Lord Astor's seat, in the present Parliament Mrs Bondfield succeeded her father, Mrs Jeger succeeded her husband. Cynics also ask how far Lady Tweedsmuir as plain Mrs Tweedsmuir could have thumbed a lift along the primrose path.

MEN FIRST

INDEED someone else's title—often a handicap to men—is a gift-edged gift for women. MRS. Isabel Barnett? MRS. Violet Bonham Carter? Would they have found it as easy to achieve their present fame without their titles?

Lack of opportunity? IN MEDICINE women have monopolised the field in midwifery for centuries. Yet the

only advances in obstetric technique have been made by men. IN THE HOME men have been left to invent almost all the household gadgets which women now use.

IN FASHION from Hartnell to Hardy Amies men still set the only pattern in England.

IN MUSIC women's opportunity has always been paramount. In England a thousand women performers, from Mrs. Hogg to Winifred Atwell, rattle profitably up and down the keys. No prejudice against women here. Yet women have created nothing.

Elthel Smyth complained when orchestras shunned her works. But only one thing stood between Elthel Smyth and fame—her music.

There is not a woman's name to place beside Ivor Novello, let alone Britten or Vaughan Williams. And the death of Arnette Mills robbed us of almost the only woman who could write even a popular song.

IT'S NIL

OBSTACLES, Fashion, Music—here woman's opportunity has been untroubled. Where the Englishwoman's opportunity has merely equalled man's her achievement shrinks to nil.

She has added not one new theory or technique to the worlds of business (though women own more shares than men) or philosophy or physics or mathematics or architecture or film production.

Only in novel writing has she approached male standards. And here, significantly, post-Pankhurst women are dwarfed by George Eliot, the Brontës, Jane Austen.

So much for the New Eve, for Eve marching into a man's world.

What of the Old Eve? What of the Old Eve—charming, scatter-brained—who lived for dress and the home, who cared nothing for the serious world outside?

She was a by-product of male tyranny, the feminists used to assure us. "She would vanish with emancipation," they proclaimed.

OBSESSION FOR FINERY? The Victorian wife—so Vera Brittain, the professional feminist, tells us—"was often richly dressed and bejewelled, conveniently advertising her husband's affluence to customers and neighbours."

Freed from this cruel burden, how have women reacted? In 1948 a survey showed that a £20-a-week family spent 28s. weekly on women's and girls' clothing, against only 8s. weekly on men's and boys'. And there are twice as many shops selling women's wear as selling men's wear.

SCANDAL

IGNORANCE OF WORLD AFFAIRS? A recent investigation observed: "Women mention their enjoyment of newspaper gossip and scandal considerably more than men, and apart from this they are less interested in the news of every sort of newspaper."

In 1947 one woman in every eight had never heard of the United Nations.

THE PEACE-LOVING SEX? Mother-in-law, divorce judges find, is still marriage hazard No. 1. And petty tyranny by women over men is a national problem too. It accounts partly for the nursing shortage. Every recent Health Minister, an up-to-date version of St. George against the Dragons, has had to protect nurses against the tumult of sisters and tumbrels.

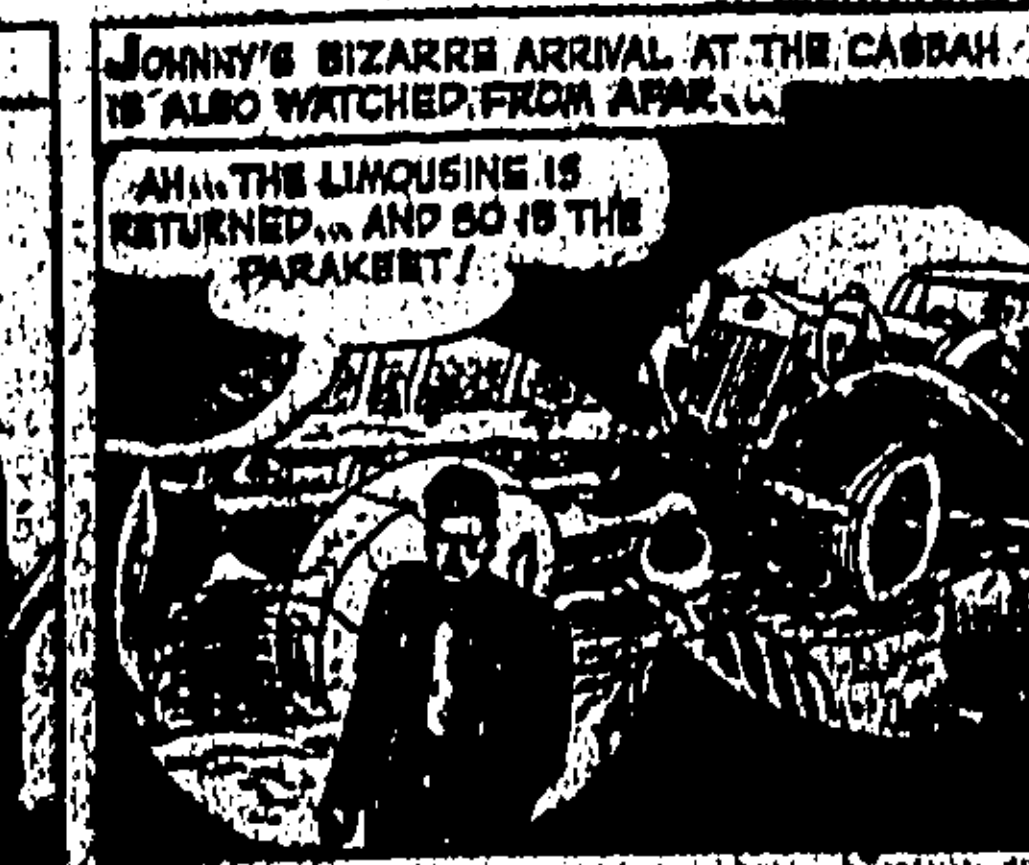
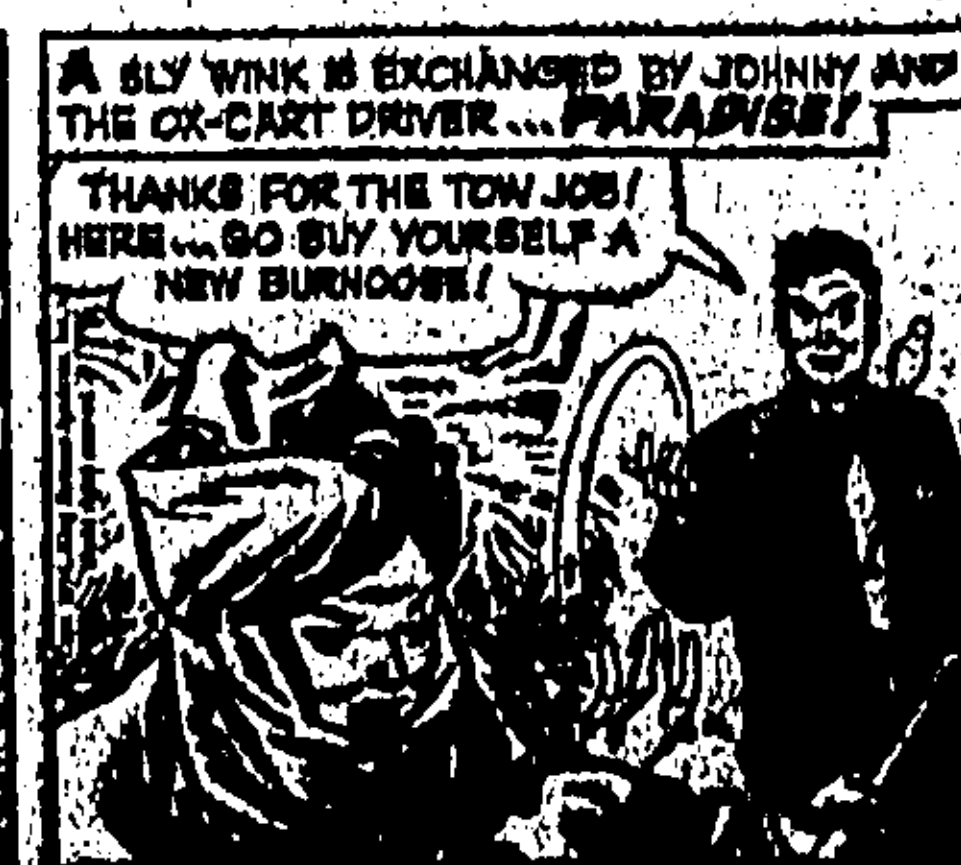
POSTSCRIPT: Professor Ashley Montagu, American author of "The Natural Superiority of Women," admits: "Even if from the very beginning men and women had enjoyed full and complete equality, there would still have been a vastly larger number of men than women in almost all fields of accomplishment."

Where then lies women's natural superiority? In the miraculous fact—says the professor gravely—that only women can produce babies.

But, then, do we have to thank Mrs. Pankhurst and Stanley Baldwin for that?

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation
calls for a
San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

STRAIGHT LINE FOR
TWEED COAT

Madame Fath presents "Caress," a straight grey tweed coat with a belt of same material—Agence France-Press.

RELAX Madam
And LAUGH!

By EILEEN ASCROFT

ONE of the most necessary aids to health and beauty that women need today is RELAXATION; not just time off from their busy working lives but the ability to relax their nervous systems. Doctors agree that half the feminine ills today have their origin in nervous causes.

I remember a fascinating talk I had with Eleanor Glyn, the woman who first dubbed sex appeal "IT." "Complete relaxation like a cat," she said to me, "is more important to sex appeal than the most beautiful features in the world."

This was 18 years ago, but it impressed me so much I have been practising relaxation ever since. And now I can even pass a 10-minute bus journey enjoying a cat nap!

THE ABC WAY

An interesting and valuable book on this subject has just been published. It might be called the ABC to relaxation.

Mr Herman S. Schwartz has been practising the arts of relaxation for 30 years and he has simple tips on how to employ it in your daily life, while sitting, standing or walking.

For the woman who carries the cares of the day to her bed and finds it difficult to sleep there is a table of 12 easy rules for wooing sleep.

"Don't make a goal out of your bed," says Mr Schwartz. "You don't have to stay in it." And he suggests instead a short walk, a contemplative stroll by the window, writing letters, listening to the radio, exercising, a warm bath or a light midnight snack.

SIX RULES

I like, too, his rules for artificial laughter. "It is the muscular motions of laughter that lift your spirits and do you good," says Mr Schwartz. And here are his rules for having a good artificial laugh at nothing at all:

- (1) Breathe in and out very quickly in spasmodic staccato fashion.
- (2) Move your abdomen up and down and in and out rapidly.
- (3) Move your shoulders up and down jerkily.
- (4) Rock your head up and down very slightly.

- (5) Keep your mouth open.
 - (6) Have a full, beaming smile on your face.
- The Art of Relaxation, by Herman S. Schwartz, Staples Press, 12s. 6d.

(London Express Service)

TIERED DINNER GOWN



"Parisette," a three-tiered dinner gown in white tulle, by Jacques Griffe. The broad waist is in grey and blue—Agence France-Press.

Sparkling Beach
Accessories

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

WITH rumours from Italy ringing in our ears that designers there are giving beachwear a gay, bright look, we set off to find out if any Mediterranean sunshine had percolated through to London fashion.

We discovered it first of all in a rooftop workroom of a tall old house, where they make natty little accessories, the kind that are bought by novelty shops. Here they find a steady demand for beachwear, even in a chilly London winter.

Perching on the table by the window were matching sets of coolie hats and beach bags. They were in deck-chair striped towelling. The coolie hats, lined with fine white straw, opened flat for packing; the beach bags, lined with white plastic, were roomy enough to carry magazines and knitting, swimsuits and towels.

Beachwear departments take on a gay cosmopolitan air. They have poncho jackets, gendola pants, loose jersey over-blouses, three-coloured shoes, and mosaic prints. Favourite Italian outfit is the straight shirt, splashed with a gaudy mixture of colours and worn with tapered trousers.

GAY COLOURS

They are also trying to brighten our beaches by bringing back the sunshade. One we noticed was in spotted blue cotton and had a featherweight bamboo handle. With it went a matching beach bag decorated with fancy arabesques of white cord. All the accessories sparkle with colour, china blue, sulphur yellow, and cyclamen leading the rest.

On its way here to go with gay colours and a tanned skin is a new lipstick named "Italian pink," a "light, bright pink."

To cater for the holidays-abroad fans, many shops have opened "Bermuda rooms" where they sell everything from under-water goggles and sun-tanning lotion to yards-long beach stoles and canvas jackets for sailing.

London. Mesmerised by the enticing travel posters, enthusiasts are buying the three-piece beach outfits. There was one in pink-and-white striped cotton, consisting of shirt, shorts and cover-up skirt.

Stay-at-homes have noticed regretfully that so far London has not taken up the Italian fashion for woolen beachwear. Pleated skirts, trousers with matching jacket, and shorts, all of wool, may seem too warm for Italy, but they sound ideal for a draughty British beach.

At another shop, where a holiday department was just opening, they had candy-striped cotton boaters, and straw hats shaped like a bluebell or finished with a straw plait.

Everywhere—if they haven't sold out—you see dresses in the new "no-iron" cotton. It has a crease-resistant finish, which survives a day's wear in the hot weather, soaping in the wash-tub or laundering in the washing machine.

EVEN IN A HEAT WAVE

Sandals have completely lost their raffish look. The newest—illustrated here—are in blue kid, decorated with rosebuds. They have a new soft cushion sole so that you feel you are walking on air.



This group of gay beach accessories includes a red and white striped towelling bag, a blue cotton sunshade, blue kid sandals and a coolie hat in striped towelling.

even on hot pavements in a heat wave. For town sandals and court shoes, all shades of blonde, including beige, honey, caramel, off-white, are in. For wear with summer prints, choose one of the new pastel leathers—pink, blue or primrose.

In the millinery departments, some of the new hats have a hint of the sunny West Indies.

Miniature bunches of tropical fruit peppered the crown of a beehive in natural straw. A small head-hugging bonnet, made of sugar-pink straw, was named Caribbean Candy.

Fruit salad hats are the last word in chic. Red currants and pale green leaves made one style; red cherries and red lacquered leaves, another.

ANNE SCOTT-JAMES Tests The Spring Shoppers

Are you on the side of FASHION
... or SAFETY?

TWO ingredients that just don't mix: Fashion and Safety. When you go out to do your spring shopping you can either be a Safe Woman (outmeal tweeds, a nice loose coat) or a Smart Woman (a scarlet dress, an A-line suit).

You can't be both. The Safe Woman argues—falsely, I think—that a negative line won't date, and that you don't get tired of neutral colours. She says if there's one thing she can't stand it's being conspicuous.

The Smart Woman argues—rightly, I think—that if you buy a fashion while it's new you get the maximum wear and pleasure from it. It's the outgoing fashion that is a gay buy. She says you don't get tired of a good bright colour. And she likes being looked at.

When you buy, buy new, I say. Don't spend good money on last year's styles. Which sort of woman are you? I've drawn up eight key questions to clear your mind on the subject. Read them through—and decide which side you are on.

1. What is your attitude to the A-line?

The Safe Woman says it's hideous. But she'll buy it when it's dying, in 1959. (She swooned at the New Look in 1947, and bought it five years later.)

The Smart Woman will like it now and buy it soon.

Beltless?

2. Will you buy a dress with a belt on the waist this spring?

The Safe Woman will. The Smart Woman thinks the dress with the dropped waist is the incoming style with the longer future.

3. Have you got a middy smit?

The Safe Woman hasn't—though it has been coming in for at least five seasons.

The Smart Woman bought one bravely in 1953, finds it top fashion now.

4. Is the over-blouse a new idea to you?

The Safe Woman has just heard of it. The Smart Woman has been wearing it for months.

5. What is your attitude to barefoot shoes?

The Safe Woman says they don't support her feet.

The Smart Woman says both of them that they make her feet look divine.

6. What is your attitude to fake jewellery?

The Safe Woman thinks it vulgar.

The Smart Woman has gigantic earrings and ropes of mammoth beads—the cheapest, cleverest way of making old dresses look terrific.

7. Do you plan to get a long-line corset?

The Safe Woman feels most comfortable in the old short girdle.

The Smart Woman "thinks new" right down to the foundation.

8. Strong colours or neutrals?

The Safe Woman, in her cream and oatmeal tweeds, looks as though she'd just got up after six months in hospital. The Smart Woman (liking to look young and healthy) is happy that Paris is full of pink, yellow, blue, lilac and red.

Gadget man

"ARE gadgets more trouble than they are worth?" is a question I have thought a lot about. I sometimes wonder if it doesn't take as long to wash out the washing machine as to wash the clothes by hand.

I talked to Sir Charles Colston who almost convinced me that my doubts are unworthy.

He is the man who put the vacuum cleaner on the map; the man whose new aim is to get every sort of labour-saving appliance on the British market at a good price.

I talked to him and his wife about their plans.

"First let me show you what we've got in our home," said Lady Colston.

They have a refrigerator, cooker, cleaner (three types), floor polisher, washing machine, pop-up toaster, deep freeze, dish washer, disposal unit, clothes drier, food mixer, juice extractor, oil burners, hot water heater, hair-drier, and electrically-operated garage doors.

Of these Sir Charles maintains that only the first six are fully exploited and marketed. The others could be cheaper, or better, or both.

Curiously, for it was rather an important question to put to a gadget king, I asked if looking after the appliances didn't take a lot of time.

Lady Colston said no.

"I run the house, which is quite a large one, with only a little daily help."

"I do every bit of cooking and with all these devices, it's a pleasure."

"I do the washing-up," said Sir Charles. "By 15 minutes a day I can wash 15 pieces."

"Which of your appliances do you value most?" I asked.

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graff
girl

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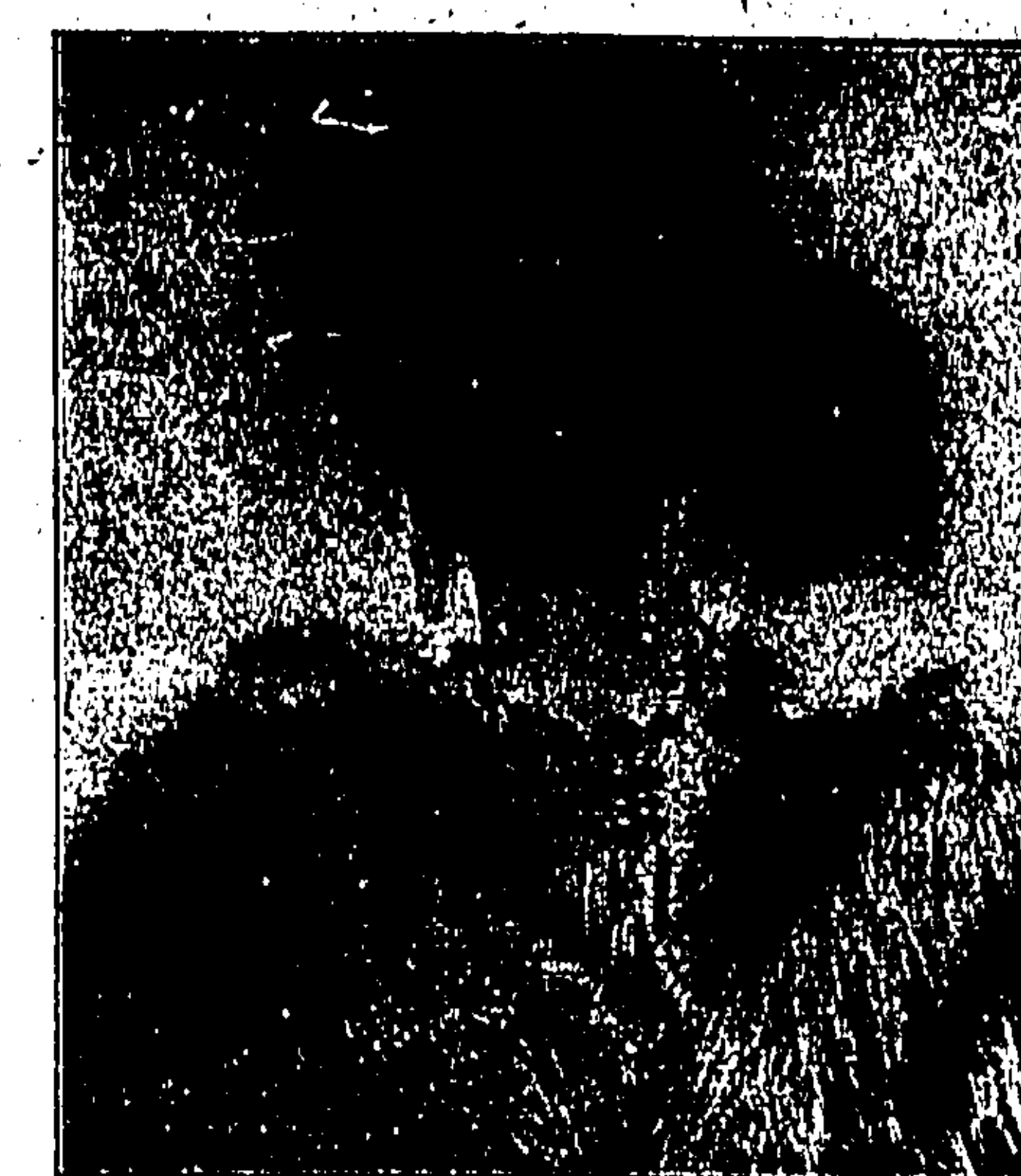
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THE Hongkong Regiment, led by the Commanding Officer, Lt-Col Stewart Carter, marches past the saluting base at last Sunday's annual review, by His Excellency the Governor, of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force. Left: His Excellency, who is Honorary Commandant General of the Force, presenting medals. (Staff Photographer)



HONGKONG University students in residence at Lady Ho Tung Hall. The Warden, Mrs Gordon King, is seated in centre. (Ming Yuen)



DR Herbert Wiseman (left), who is here to act as judge at the Schools' Music Festival, pictured with Mr K. J. Attwell at a reception on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



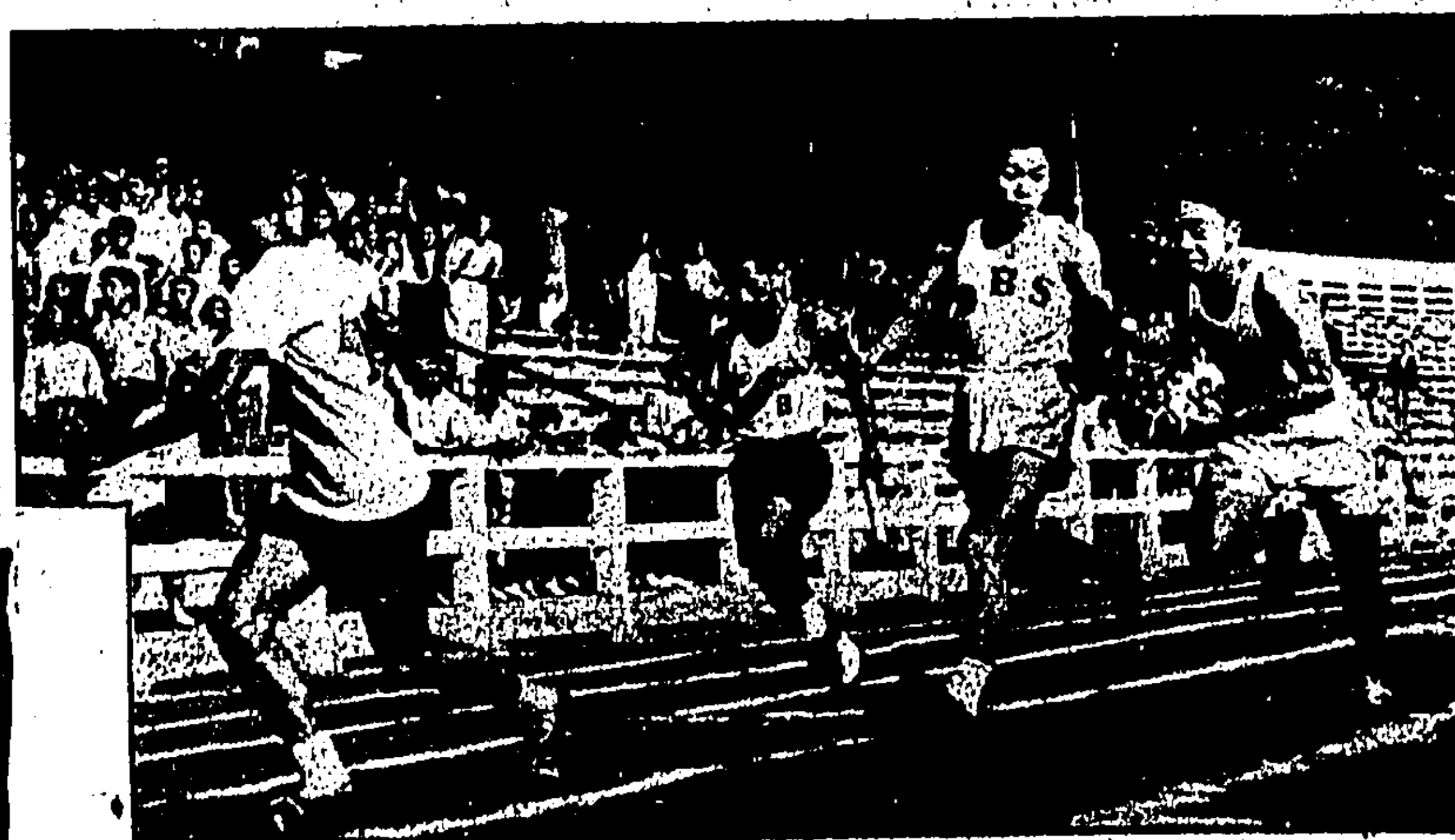
AFTER the annual review last Sunday, Hongkong Regiment sportsmen engaged various Service teams in friendly games. These were the Regiment's hockey (top) and soccer representatives. (Staff Photographer)



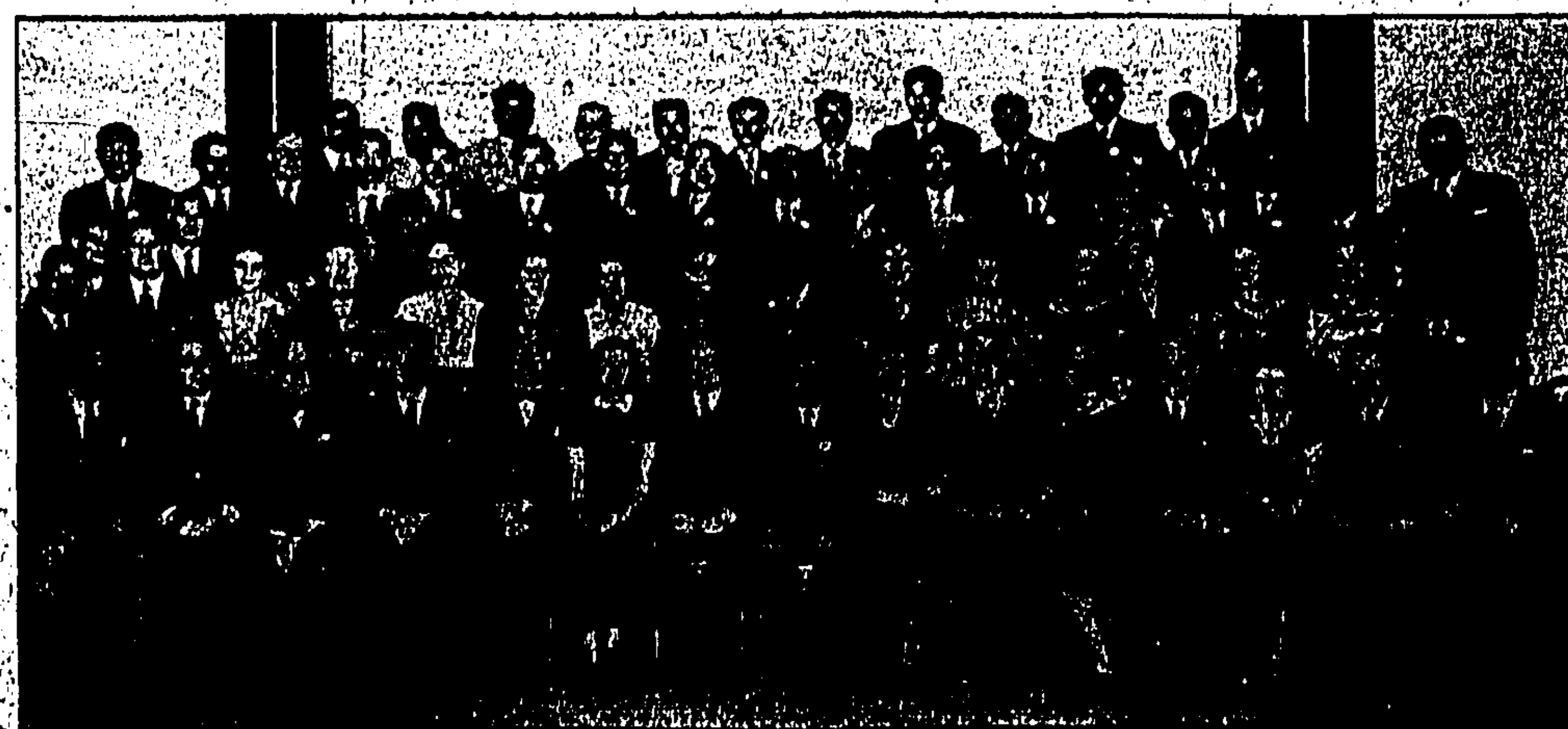
THE Royal Air Force Salwan oarsmen who came first in the "Head of the Bay" race over a 4 1/4-mile course from Deep Water Bay to Middle Island last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



AT the New York Theatre on Wednesday, a charity premiere of the British film, "The Sea Shall Not Have Them," was held in aid of Earl Haig's Fund. Miss Coralie Gilbert, of the HKWAAF, is seen selling programmes in the lobby. (Staff Photographer)



RUNNERS passing the baton in the 400 yards relay event at the Inter-Schools Sports last week. (Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Chinese Manufacturers' Union and guests present at the dinner party given by the Union in honour of the Hon. Theodore L. Bowring, Director of Public Works. Mr Bowring is seventh from left in front row, with Mr Hui Ngok, Chairman of the Union, on his left. (Ming Yuen)

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HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, at the annual dinner of the Hongkong Newspaper Society, held at the Kam Ling Restaurant. Mr Shum Wai-yau, Chairman of the Society, is on extreme right. (Staff Photographer)



MR R. R. Todd, former Secretary for Chinese Affairs, and Mrs Todd were seen off by many friends when they left on retirement last week. Picture shows, from left: Mr Todd, Mrs Kwok Chan, Mrs S. N. Chau, Mrs Todd, Mrs Fung Hon-chu, Mrs Wong Tung-sang and Mrs Sylvia Choy. (Staff Photographer)



THE President's table at the first Ladies' Night of Hongkong Island West Rotary Club. At far side of table, facing camera, is Mr Fung Hon-chu, President of the Club. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: The Director of Public Works, the Hon. Theodore L. Bowring, eulogising the work of Mr W. R. N. Andrews, Secretary of the Department (by the window), at a farewell presentation party. Mr Andrews is retiring after 36 years with Government. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: At St Patrick's Ball, held in the Peninsula Hotel on Thursday. From left: Lt-Gen. C. S. Sugden, Miss Elma Kelly, President of St Patrick's Society, His Excellency the Governor, Mrs R. C. Field and the Hon. R. B. Black. (Staff Photographer)



HONGKONG'S Colonial Secretary and Governor-Designate of Singapore, the Hon. R. B. Black, has been entertained by a number of organisations to say farewell to him. These pictures show Mr Black with Mr Hui Pea-kok and Mr Ko Chau-hung (top) at the dinner given in his honour by the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce, and (immediately above) with members of the Civil Aid Services at the Casam Club. (Staff Photographer)

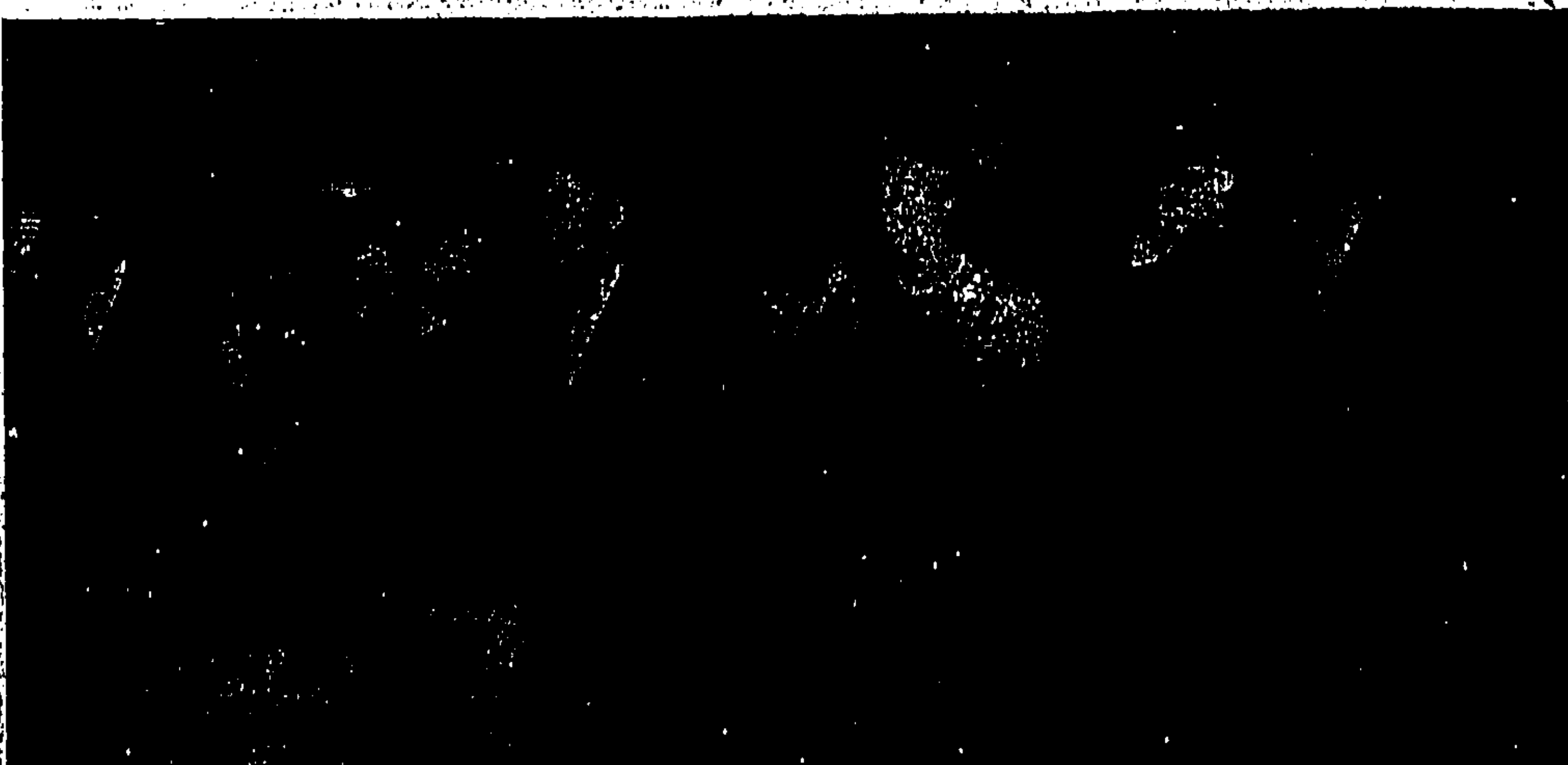


AT Sek Kong on Wednesday. The Commander-in-Chief, Far East Air Force, Air Marshal F. J. Fressanges, presenting the Standard to No. 28 Squadron, RAF. (Staff Photographer)

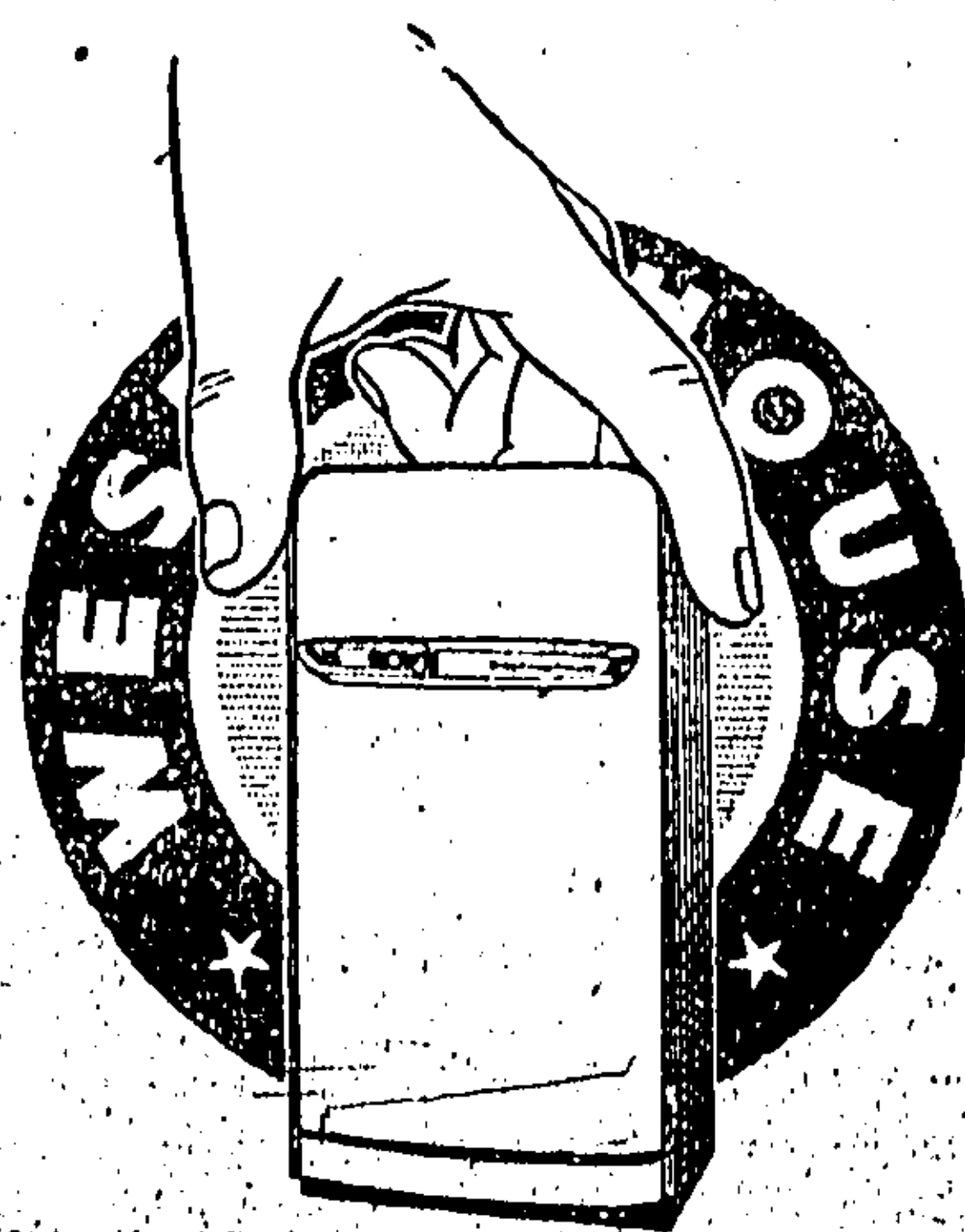


MISS Serene Chan, daughter of Mr and Mrs Henry Chan, cutting her birthday cake with her parents' help. It was little Serene's third birthday.

LEFT: The Combined Schools cricket team who defeated the Kowloon Cricket Club in their annual match last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



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★ ★ ★ PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT ★ ★ ★

HELEN BURKE continues her tour in search of the secrets of London's top chefs

KEEP CALM! Like the man who runs the biggest kitchens in Europe

THE kitchens at Grosvenor House are the largest I have ever seen—the largest in Europe, I believe—and they are in the charge of one man, M. Rene Lebeque, maitre chef des cuisines.

He is calm, unruffled, conducting, through his under-chefs, enormous banquets while the normal restaurant and grill room enter going on just as smoothly.

I spent most of two days at Grosvenor House, the second because I wanted to be in on one of the full-scale banquets, with 1,400 guests. Other smaller banquets were going on at the same time. First to the Great Room, formerly the skating rink, reported to be the largest of its kind in Europe.

Early in the afternoon the tables were set. The white room sparkle with glass and silver flowers and a bowl of fruit.

This was the menu: Les Hors d'oeuvre: Varietes, Le Saumon Fume, Le Foie de Saut Dubouché, Le Poulet a la Creme Grapelle, Les Petits Fous Fins, Les Pommes Croquantes, Le Saurin aux Fruits, Le Parfait Glace, Le Cate, Le Dessert.

Now, the interesting thing about this menu is that a good home cook could select dishes from it for her own entertaining. The Poulet en Cocotte, for instance.

HOT CUPBOARD

This was in units of round about 4lb. to 4½lb. Surrey chickens that lightly roasted with butter as the only fat, then cut into five pieces, each—two legs, two wings with a nice slice of the breast and the breast meat on the bone, which was neatly chopped.

These were placed in a silver chafin dish and, later, garnished with slender, barrel-shaped young carrots, turnips and (unusual but delicious) Jerusalem artichokes, all simply boiled and dressed with butter.

Finally, the essence of the roast chicken was poured over

REF. LEBEQUE
—conductor of enormous banquets.



the garnished chicken, a piece of buttered greenproof paper was placed on top, the lid was put on and the dish placed in a hot cupboard to keep it just right for the meal.

That hot cupboard is, of course, one of the "secrets" of success, but, with planning, we can see that our own oven is free to keep dishes warm at a low temperature.

This means that we can cook well before the meal and then have almost as much leisure as our guests.

On this day, nearly 5,000 potato croquettes were made and fried. Here is an easy way of making them: Boil the potatoes, drain and dry them off, then mash them or rub them through a sieve. Add seasoning to taste and bind with very little egg yolk. Form into a long roll about the thickness of a champagne cork and cut off 1½ to 2-inch lengths.

Dip in beaten egg and (here is the big tip) roll in fine

breadcrumbs plus an ounce of ground almonds (for 20 croquettes). Lower them, a few at a time, into smoking hot fat and, in a matter of a minute, they are beautifully golden.

Place them beside the chicken in the oven to keep them warm.

The Savarin aux Fruits is a comparatively easy "entertaining" sweet because the savarin itself, a light rich yeast mixture can be made the day before, leaving only the fruit and apricot glaze to be added near enough meal time.

TIPS FROM CHEFS

HERE are some of the ideas I have picked up from London chefs:

A BUFFET PARTY SWEET: Make a semolina cream and pour it into a shallow serving-dish. On top, arrange, in circles a row of sliced dessert apples poached in syrup, inside it one of apricots, similarly poached.

Next, stewed prunes and, finally, a centre of quartered pears. Coat the whole surface with a puree of apricots.

APRICOT PUREE, of all the sweet sauces in the kitchen, is probably the most useful and we can make it in a concentrated form with dried apricots, diluting it when required.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING is a grand dish and, in every hotel kitchen I have visited, it has always been in the menu or ready for next day, and that is a tip for the busy woman.

Here is my suggestion: Prepare it completely the day before or early in the morning, if that suits better. Cover the tied-on cloth with a piece of greaseproof paper to keep the pastry from drying out, store it in the refrigerator, then steam or boil it as usual, when required.

One chef adds half a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce for four to five servings. Just try that in your next pudding.

OMELETTE PLUS

Remember **ARNOLD BENNETT OMELETTE**? It is one of my favourites. Here is the recipe from Grosvenor House: Make a plain omelette but, before it is ready to be rolled, spread the surface with large flakes of mild smoked haddock, first cooked in a little cream. Roll up quickly.

Turn on to a fireproof plate, spoon over it some Mornay sauce (for beginners, creamy sauce with cheese) and slip under the grill to glaze a little. You see why it is essential not to cook the omelette to the usual desired point before rolling it.

Try this and I know it will become a "regular" when you want a light meal. Or let your husband make it. Men love cooking "specials."

Can you try **WHITEBAIT** to your liking? Here is the chef's way: Pick over, wash and dry. Pass through milk, drain, then pass through seasoned flour. Lower, not too many at a time, into smoking hot deep fat. Drain, turn on to an absorbent paper and sprinkle with paprika.

With the whitebait, pass wedges of lemon and, if you like, its sharp hot accent, Cayenne pepper.

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Sheika Will Display

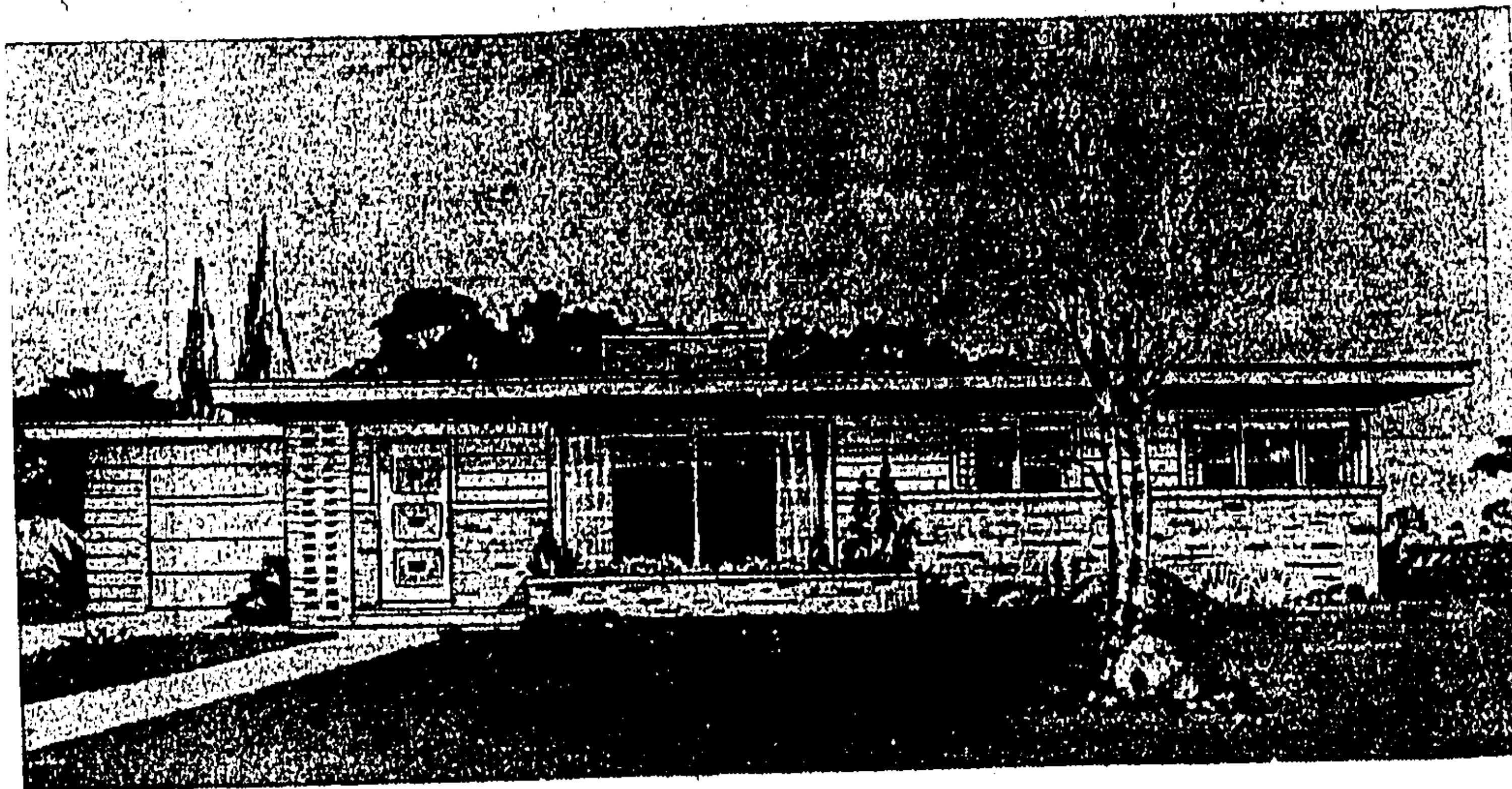
Gold Dinner Service Sets

SHEIKS like gold dinner service sets. Biggest demand for gold dinner and tea service sets to be on show at the British Industries Fair at Olympia in May, is expected to come from wealthy oil sheiks in the Middle East.

A matching gold set which will be on display is valued at £10,500. It weighs more than 54 lbs. It has a water lily motif and consists of six dinner plates, six soup plates, twelve, two sauce boats, a condiment set and a three-piece coffee set on a tray.

A matching gold tea service set, valued at £5,000, is used for State occasions in South Africa. Special security measures—including a day and night guard—will be enforced by the London makers of the sets.

★ Versatile Interior ★



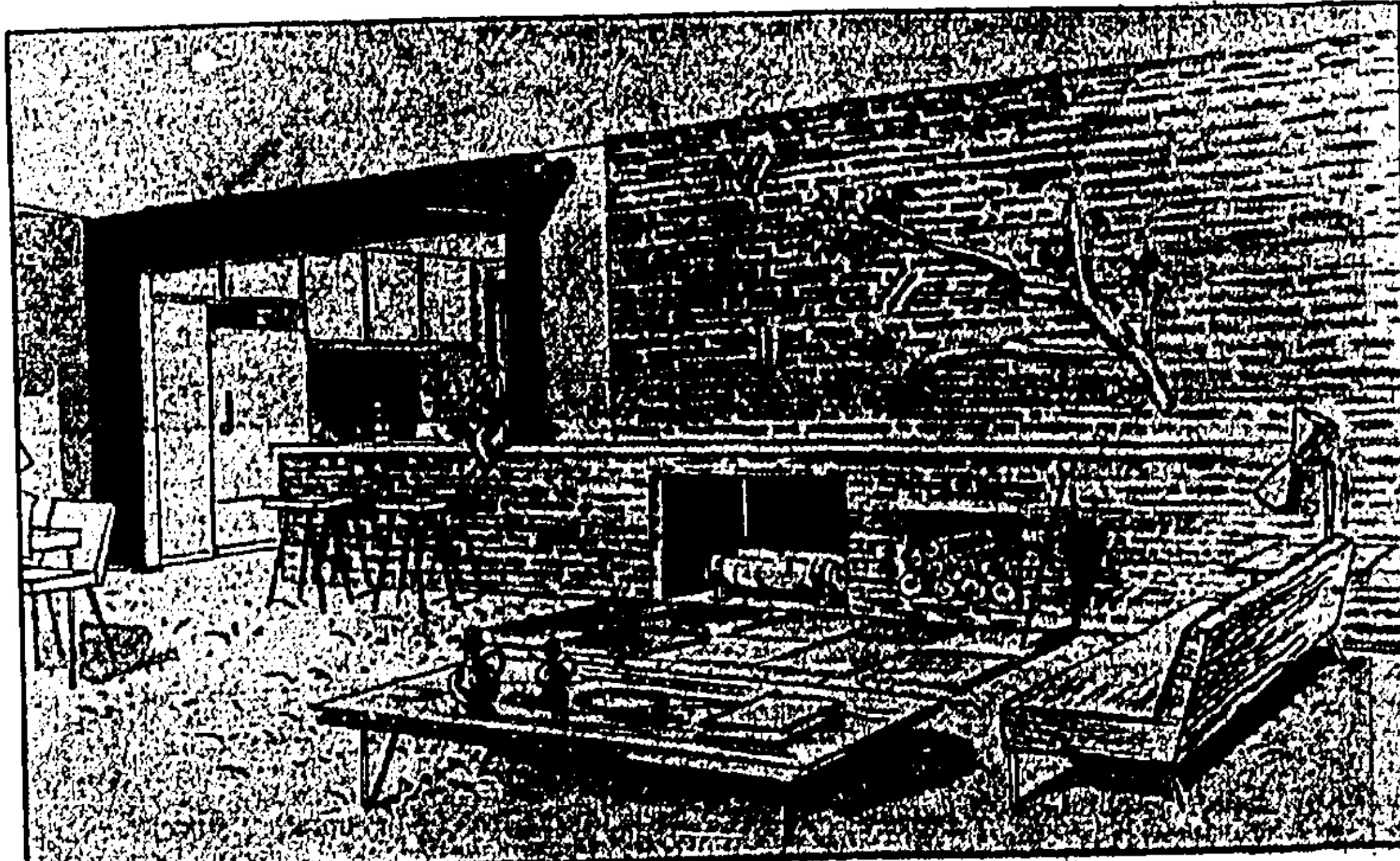
STRIKINGLY MODERN, this home is planned for a 65-foot lot. The flat-top roof, which contributes to the low line, provides a wide overhang that shelters the front porch, the living room picture window and the high windows, at right, in the bedroom area.

By Joan O'Sullivan

OPEN planning makes the interior of the above house, especially versatile. In this home, living room and dining room merge, the kitchen opens on these areas via a snack bar, and the way in which the study can be part of the living area makes entertaining easy.

Step inside and you're in a small entry hall, separated from the dining room by a china cabinet. To your left is a roomy wardrobe closet.

Your first sight of the living room is the handsome fireplace wall, done entirely in brick. On one side, it branches off to include a wood box; on the other, it levels off into a counter that makes a two-way snack bar, accessible from living area, dining room or kitchen.



THE FIREPLACE WALL in the living room, done in brick, has a storage box for wood. At left, the kitchen, part of the general living area, is separated from it by a handsome brick-fronted snack bar.

★ ★ ★

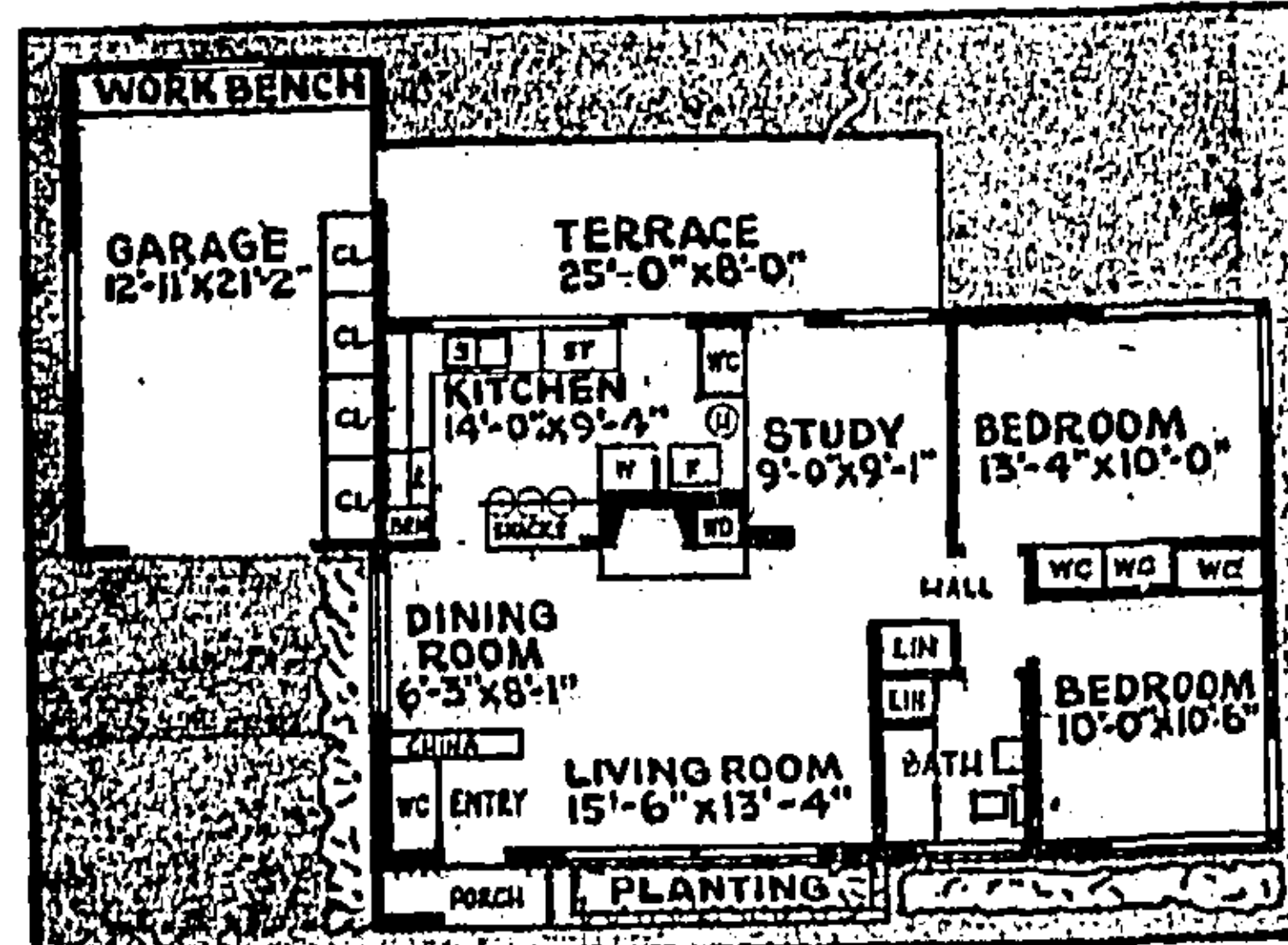
To the right of the fireplace is the study, which enlarges the living room when you're entertaining an overflow crowd. When desired, this room can be screened off with ceiling-hung draw drapes. It could also be permanently partitioned and, since it contains a wardrobe, might be turned into a third bedroom. From the study, there's a door to the terrace at the back of the house.

Since there's no basement, kitchen and utility room are combined. Furnace and laundry equipment are off to one side, with an outside door handy for taking clothes out to the yard.

Bedrooms open to the right of the living room, both with corner windows, placed high to facilitate furniture arrangements. The master bedroom, in the rear, has twin wardrobe closets. Two linen closets, one in the bath, are close by.

The garage is large enough for a wall of four closets as well as a work bench wall. Set well back from the front of the house, the garage is placed to make possible a dining room picture window.

Designed for a 65-foot lot, the plan comprises 11,230 cubic feet.



OPEN PLANNING links kitchen, dining and living areas and study, while sleeping quarters are away from these living-working rooms.

IT ISN'T DIFFICULT TO TALK TO CHILDREN

By Garry C. Myers, Ph.D.

GREETING a child gracefully, and conversing with him companionably, is a fine art. Those who have been good companions to their own children or grandchildren usually do it well. Some persons with young nieces and nephews also know the technique.

As you know, grownups differ widely in their ways, with children not their own, when they meet these children on the street, in a store, or as guests or hosts, and the child, two, 12 or 16, senses these differences. After a guest has left your home, this child may say: "I like him." Or the opposite. Perhaps you already know how the child feels about this guest.

Let's consider, first, our own graciousness towards our own child.

At the market with our child, three, when greeted by a friend of ours, a stranger to him, let us consider how the child feels. Suppose this child hangs his head

and makes no answer to the friend. We should not press him to respond. If the friend does, we should divert the friend's attention. Neither should we encourage the child to become the centre of attention at this time.

So, also, when a guest is in our home, our attitudes and ways can help make both the guest and child pleasant and comfortable. This also holds true with the older child or youth.

As you can see, it's how the child feels that counts. Do we set the stage so he will feel he is treated by us and the guest as a real person no younger than he really is? If we act toward the ten-year-old as if he were only five, toward the teen-ager as if only five, we may encourage the guest to act likewise. Of all terrible things for a child is to be talked to or talked about as though he were a toy or puppy!

Let's learn to treat another person's child as he wishes to be treated, and deserves to be treated; that is, as a real person.

We won't ask him to tell his name, or age, or in what grade he is at school. Nor will we ask such questions of his parents in his presence. We won't talk about his size, clothes or bodily features.

By listening attentively, we may soon learn from the tot or youth, without asking any questions, what his chief interests are. Or a skillful question might cause the little child to show us something he has drawn or made with his hands. The child six, or 8 or 10, may tell us about his fun with other children, or something he has created with his hands.

If the teen-ager talks up in the family conversation, we will be alertly interested, especially should he express ideas differing from those of most adults. Or if he should talk of sports or artists on the air, or current world events or of vocations.

Most of all, we shall be constantly aware of the child's presence, aware that he is a real person as important as any other person present but no more so. We should treat every child as a very precious person.

ABRUPT RETIREMENT IS NOT THE SOLUTION FOR AGING PEOPLE

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

A LOT has been written about getting old, much of it by young people who obviously have no experience in the matter. A lot of it is sugary stuff about last year's being the best, a thought for which we are indebted to the poet, Robert Browning. A lot more of it deals with golden years of leisure, contentment and an insipid sort of happiness which nobody really wants. And a great deal more of it has to do with hobbies which are nothing more than boondoggling and which soon lose their zest because of their uselessness. Constructive hobbies, of course, are useful.

Older persons—and I am old enough to know whereof I speak—may as well face the fact that they are going to have less physical energy than they did in earlier years. This is true even when health is

essentially good and no disease is present. The aged body simply does not have the zip and the zest of the younger. At the same time, this gradual physical weakening can be compensated for by a slower pace, less pressure, more rest.

INESCAPABLE FACT

An interesting comparison between the philosophy of the younger and that of the older person is embodied in the little anecdote of the old timer who said, "I have considerably changed my attitude toward life. When I was young my reaction to some things was to clench my fists. Now I am more likely to shrug my shoulders." Another version of this is the suggestion that can aid contentment lies in the ability to do something about unpleasant circumstances. If you can't do anything about them, you can't do anything about them.

Out of all the experience and all the philosophy about aging comes the inescapable fact that the greatest penalty in growing old is loneliness and a feeling of no longer being needed. The longer one lives, the more he witnesses the deaths of his friends and contemporaries. If he has not made friends among younger people, he will be very lonely. One sees many references to the contentment and achievement of famous older persons. Booth Tarkington, despite blindness, wrote 16 of his novels after he was 60 years old. Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" was achieved at age 83, and Michelangelo is said to have lain on his back to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel when he was almost 90 years old. Pitkin, says of Benjamin Franklin that the first half of his life has been forgotten; the second will never be. This is not quite accurate but like the other incidents, it illustrates the point that these people escaped loneliness because they kept productively busy at things which would keep them in touch with people.

The preceding incidents illustrate the fact that these people did not let aging stop them. Success in living in the older years means coming to a stop, not applying the brakes with a sudden jerk. It means accepting the fact that aging is a process, not a state. It means accepting the fact that aging is a process, not a state. It means accepting the fact that aging is a process, not a state.

aging, namely the importance of doing something constructive. Not just doing something. There is no more potent poison than the growing paralysis of uselessness. When people are no longer needed, much of their incentive for living departs.

TIRED?

It is a common observation that retirement is often the death knell of the aging person. Before retirement, he feels tired and the demands of the job weigh heavily upon him. He longs for the ease and release of retirement. But when he gets it, he is more tired than ever because he no longer has the stimulus of obligations to meet, a job to do, and a place to fill in a busy world. Business and industry must learn to abandon the policy of abrupt retirement and substitute for it one of gradual relief of pressure. This will be hard to do because many executives and experienced workers will be unwilling to taper off and give place to younger people. Hard as it will be, this person must be learned.



"MADAM BUTTERFLY," 1955

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

WILLIAM STEVENSON, Toronto Star correspondent, ends this three-part series by summing up his impressions of a two-month trip through Communist China

NOT QUITE THE GIANT WE THINK

IT seems almost impossible to guess what course the new regime in China will take. Most of us who have been there are like blind men stumbling around an elephant. Each touches some separate part of the beast and feels he knows exactly what it is. The trouble seems that none of us agree.

Napoleon is quoted as saying: "China? Here lies a sleeping giant. Let him sleep, for when he wakes he will move the world."

It seems to me we can exaggerate the value of that prediction. China is immensely large but her leaders want us to think her larger still. They claim a population of six hundred million and say it's rising twelve million every year. If this is propaganda, it's dangerous propaganda, because it suggests a time when China will have to expand.

Many people feel sympathy for the Chinese in their new-found pride. That doesn't mean there's a great deal to be proud of by our own standards. They have a long way to go before they rival most of us either in state welfare, in education schemes or in technical knowledge. What they've achieved has been largely by sheer physical effort, with a great deal of material assistance from the Russians.

STIFLING

Their Marxist-Leninism has yet to prove a magic formula for producing a mighty industrial nation. All it does is stifle the natural initiative of the Chinese people, by forcing them to spend long hours repeating the same dusty old lessons which simply do not apply to this modern world.

The great conundrum is, of course, to what extent may China's leaders be aware of this. It's a matter of history that Mao Tse-tung and the men around him have deviated from Moscow's instructions WHEN IT SUITED THEM. On the other hand, China today is utterly dependent on Russian and East European aid—she is helpless without Czech anti-aircraft guns, Polish artillery and Russian jets. The factories you see in Manchuria are Russian or have been rebuilt from broken-down Japanese equipment. A lot of it looked by the Russians only five or six years ago. The cars in the city streets are East European or Russian, except for the few second-hand American and British limousines which have slipped through blockade and embargo.

Still this giant might be going places. If only there were signs of intelligent planning. Foreign Minister Chou En-lai himself admitted recently that inefficiency and waste were appearing in industry. He blamed factory managers who were good Communists but bad leaders, and today a Party card no longer guarantees a left job.

Wherever I went, officials asked for my criticisms. They didn't mean criticism of the political system, but of their way of doing things. In Shanghai and other great centres, Western factories, mines and mills have been taken over. Production in theory should be going up. It isn't. Workers shun ever before, and they get no annual vacations. Yet something is wrong and it seems likely China's leaders recognise this fact and would be glad to do something about it with Western help.

ECHOES

Whether we should offer that help, I'm not qualified to say. All I know is the first fine bluish of Communist fervour carried China through the difficult period of revolution. It knitted the nation into a single unit. But don't forget it was Mao Tse-tung who interpreted Communism for the Chinese people and added a few of his own embellishments. If you study his writings, as must every Chinese youngster, you find powerful echoes of the great Chinese scholars and warriors who built up this country's culture in past centuries.

Today the revolution is a fact, and the Chinese are getting down to the real task of reconstruction and development. The Russians have contracted to build some 141 new factories, and Russian devices are used at the moment for raising production—the Soviet concept of "socialist emulation" in which groups of workers challenge each other to achieve new production targets. There's reason to think it doesn't work so well among the Chinese. Every now and then you read in the official newspapers and there are no others—about some poor little chap who kicked against the traces.

FEAR

The case of Criminal Liang is typical. He was 27 years old, a coal miner, and he was shot on the spot when a People's Court found him guilty of setting fire to mining machinery and so causing the death of 44 fellow miners. This happened while I was myself talking to coal miners in Manchuria, and his story was being told everywhere as an object lesson.

His real crime, though, was that he objected to going back on to piece rates after the new regime had introduced a system of straight salaries. He wanted to change jobs, to move to another mine where he felt he could get a square deal. Switching a coal mine back to piece rates would be regarded as a very backward step indeed by any self-respecting trade union in our part of the world. Court evidence showed Liang had fought bravely, alongside his comrades to rescue workers in the fire, and had behaved more like a hero than a knave. Yet even before sentence was pronounced he had been labelled CRIMINAL LIANG. What was the point in that? Over China workers now believe

asked to accept harder conditions. Somebody had to be made a scapegoat. And what better way than to publicise the warning through the courts. The main task of the nation's judiciary (in Mao Tse-tung's own words) "is to be a weapon for the further consolidation of the Peoples' Democratic Dictatorship."

That doesn't leave much room for any nonsense about abstract justice.

So you find fear at the root of all this apparent enthusiasm. I don't mean fear in any dramatic sense, because the Chinese are too much accustomed to lives of uncertainty. Nor do I mean the dull, nagging fear that in our own society keeps a man doing a job he hates, sometimes beyond an age at which he should retire. This fear is artificially manufactured and is used with considerable cunning.

For instance, I saw very little propaganda against the West except in the industrial centres and particularly in Manchuria. This province is now called Northeast China but the railway stations still carry Russian signs, and if you move quickly enough around the hotels, you have no difficulty surprising Russian civilians going about their mysterious errands.

Here there are coal, iron and other mineral resources. Steel factories belch smoke on a horizon which, in clear weather, extends to the Korean border. Synthetic petroleum is produced in former Jap factories, which look as though they could do with a thorough overhaul.

PROPAGANDA

I don't know where all the products from these factories go. The Chinese were defensive about the whole thing. I could see no reason for developing this into the centre of heavy industry if it was really meant to serve the Chinese people, the bulk of whom live a long distance away around the river basins.

But I do know the violently anti-Western propaganda here was based entirely on what Russian news agencies tell China is happening in the West. Once it had been aimed against the Americans in Korea. Since then, the campaign has switched to Formosa and the Americans there. If Formosa is settled, one wonders if Indo-China would be next, since threats of foreign aggression are the necessary alternatives to our own incentives of better pay. The technique was Russian, the operators Chinese, whether in propaganda or industry. I tried hard to find out where all the seamless steel tubing went from a brand new, robot factory built by the Russians but remotely controlled by young Chinese girls.

The girls didn't care whether the freight trains were labelled Onak, Tomak or Vladivostok. They had just enough education to believe it was all in a good cause anyhow, and best of all to keep the capitalist wolves from the door. In the evenings, they danced the Russian folk music, read their

TOMORROW IS THEIR 65th BIRTHDAY

Gigli and Melchior, The Tenor Twins

By GERARD BOURKE

BY a curious chance, Neither has been a successful Mozart singer. Beniamino Gigli and Lauritz Melchior, two of the greatest tenors of the inter-war years, were both born on March 20, 1890. But they were not direct rivals, since their voices were so different in quality that their parts scarcely ever overlapped. A few of Verdi's more dramatic characters such as the Moor, Otello, were exceptions.

Gigli, an Italian, became a supreme lyrical tenor, master of the elusive bel canto, or beautiful song. The Dane, Melchior, won honours chiefly as a Wagnerian tenor of the solid heldentenor type.

Neither has been a successful Mozart singer.

Gigli was born at Recanati, in central Italy, the son of a shoemaker who was also verger at the Cathedral. So it was not surprising that the boy entered the choir shepherded by his father.

When Beniamino's voice attracted attention, his father wished to send him to the famous Sistine Chapel choir in Rome, but the young singer was refused admission. Perhaps, to console him, they recalled how Verdi himself was once refused admission to a Milan academy on the grounds of insufficient aptitude for music!

In November 1920, Gigli made his debut at New York's Metropolitan Opera. The measure of his success was that he sang there regularly for the next 12 years, receiving about £20,000 a season.

It was in 1920, too, that Melchior went to London to join Dame Nellie Melba in the first broadcast given by the new Marconi Experimental station. He returned the following year to continue his studies that were more prolonged than Gigli's, mainly because of the voice change.

To Bayreuth

BUT Melchior's intensive training was rewarded. In 1925, he was invited by Wagner's aged widow, Cosima, to sing Siegfried at the Bayreuth Wagner Festival, a year after his debut as Siegmund in London's Covent Garden. Among his finest recordings are those made in these two parts.

Tide Turned

THE tide soon turned when Gigli won a scholarship to the celebrated Academy of St Cecilia, patron saint of music, in Rome.

Meanwhile, in distant Copenhagen, a thorough singer was gloriously in the city's English Church that, too, inevitably faced a career in music. When Melchior's voice broke, it emerged at a lower level than young Gigli's, and it was as a baritone that Melchior entered the historic Royal Opera School at Copenhagen, where Hans Christian Andersen was once a scholar for a short time. There, in April 1913, Melchior made his operatic debut in Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" at the age of 23.

Next year, shortly after the outbreak of war, Gigli made his debut in Puccini's "La Gioconda," now remembered outside Italy chiefly for the "Dance of the Hours." He had previously won an international singing competition.

First War

THE First World War disturbed Melchior's Danish career more than Gigli's in Italy. Although he continued to sing in Copenhagen during those years, we do not hear of him again until 1918, when he re-emerged singing not baritone, but tenor parts.

There have, of course, been several cases of baritones becoming tenors, and contraltos becoming sopranos, but the voice seldom follows itself. Gigli was more fortunate. In 1915, he sang at Naples the tenor part in "Mefistofele," a fine setting of Goethe's "Faust," composed by Botto, who also wrote the stories for some of Verdi's operas. The conductor was Pietro Mascagni, composer of the famous "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Peace Years

TWO years later, Gigli received his first acceptable offer from abroad, to sing in Spain. But his career as a fully equipped artist dates from a performance—again in "Mefistofele"—given on Boxing Day, 1918, at La Scala, Milan. This time he was conducted by Arturo Toscanini. The occasion was highlighted by being held in memory of the composer, Botto, who had died six months earlier. So both singers entered the peace years ready to take their places among the leading tenors.

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Honestly, darling, now that I've told you all about Kewitch's new power, I think the least you can do is to tell me how and when you'll be back."

THE END

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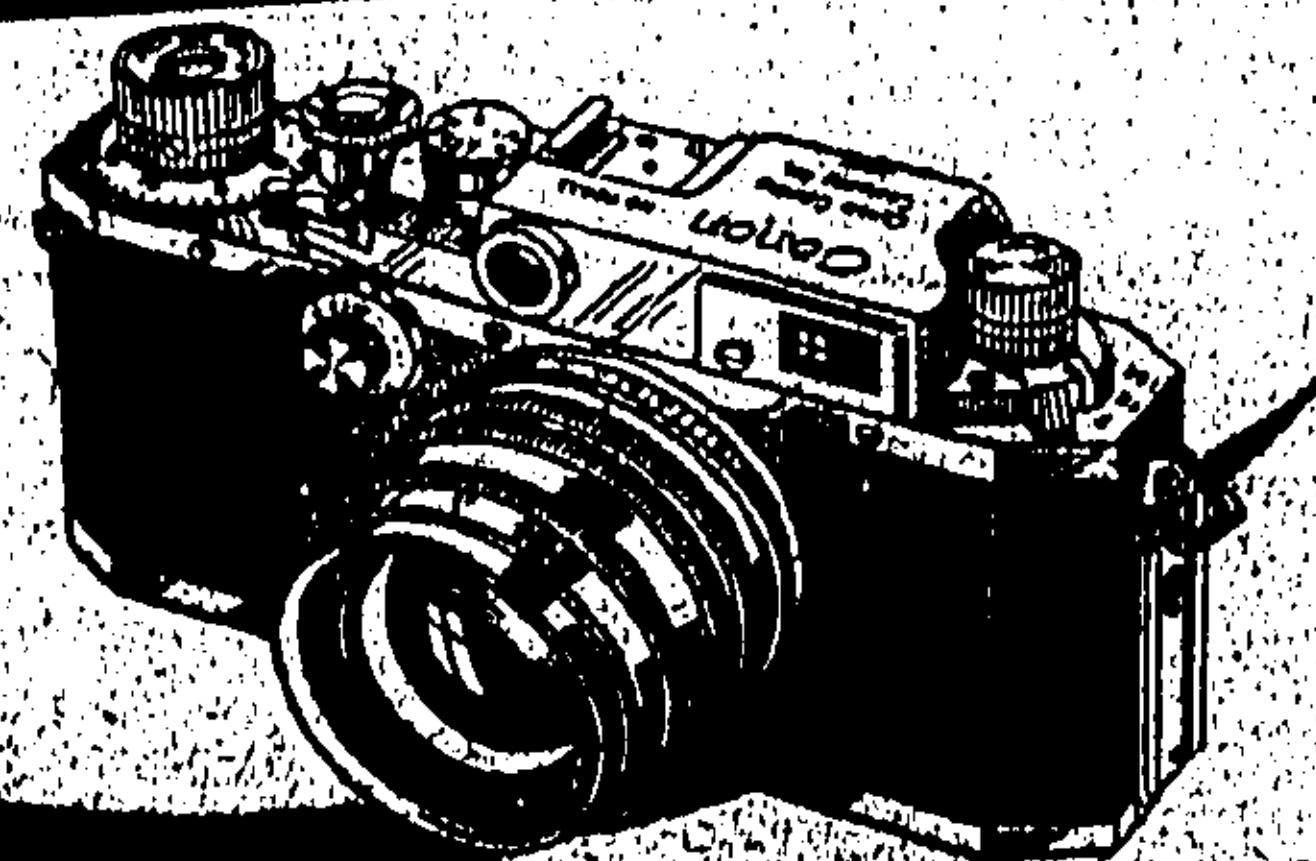
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NEW BOOKS:

NANCY SPAIN WEIGHS UP LIFE WITH THE TALKING STARS

WHAT a pity when a woman writer devotes years to a novel that it will take the rest of us 11 years to read.

THE FLOWER GIRLS (Michael Joseph, 21s.) is by Miss Clemence Dane. It is 689 pages long, it weighs

just under 2lb., making it a nuisance to read in bed.

Jacy, an Englishman brought up in Hollywood as a child star, by a horrible American mother, comes to London to find his roots. He finds his father isn't dead (as mum has always told him) but alive and kicking in a villa on Hadrian's Wall, Northumberland.

Jacy also finds he has hundreds of cousins, each one more dramatic than the last: most of them living theatrically in and around Covent Garden and the "Flower Theatre," where in the good old days Jacy's old Uncle Julius would have them sobbing in the aisles.

For all his relatives are actresses and actors who have appeared from time to time at the Flower Theatre. That is why Jacy's aunt is known as "The Flower Girls."

Well, Sir Julius has a daughter, a cool, smooth, sallow-faced charmer called Olive, who is absolutely made to play the part of the Princess Pocahontas. (You know, the Indian girl who saved the life of Captain John Smith in the good old days when the U.S.A. still belonged to the Indians.)

Chatter... chatter...

Well, as it so happens, when Jacy was a child star he knew an awfully nice poetical script writer called Corny. And Corny, who is dead, has actually left behind him, unfinished, the skeleton of a verse play all about Pocahontas. And Olive wants to play the Princess P. So she is mad for Jacy to finish it.

By now Jacy is in love with Olive. So he says "Yes" about finishing the play and they get engaged.

Well, Jacy writes the play. But he finds out that Olive is not a clean living girl. (Just in time.) So they don't get married after all. And now we are on page 689 and the play isn't even in rehearsal.

As you will have gathered, this is a long book, all about

the stage. There are speaking parts for thousands, many bewildering crowd scenes, heavy character parts and plenty of unexplained emotional depths. All of which would be fine and dandy if for one ecstatic moment in the narrative I had felt that even one of these phoney people really mattered.

But no. All we get is chatter, chatter about theatre contracts, careers, and love affairs. But not even Miss Clemence Dane can make a readable novel out of a lot of theatrical gossip.

Poems to keep

I WISH someone would let me compile a book of delights. Perhaps I wouldn't have half so much verse. Unless, of course, it was by Frances Cornford, who has at last allowed a volume of her **COLLECTED POEMS** (Cresset Press 10s. 6d.) to appear. The book contains, she says, only those poems that she wants to preserve. Thank goodness at least one of my favourite poems by her—

O fat white woman whom nobody loves,

Why do you walk through the fields in gloves?

is there, tersely listed under Juvenalia.

But I have searched through the book and through the book in vain for my other favourite poem by Mrs Cornford. Perhaps she does not think it good enough, or something! Surely not. Even though I find myself in the embarrassing position of having to quote from memory I think that you, too, will like—Who has not seen their lover

Walking at ease
With usual feet that cover
A pavement under trees;
Not singular, apart

But featured, footed, dressed
Approaching like the rest,
In the same dapple of the
sunlight caught
And thought:
Here comes my heart.

Sister H...

MR DORNFOR YATES has come pouncing into the arena of the British Detective Story with a real humdinger,

NEED-DO-WELL (Ward Lock, 12s. 6d.)

Picture a high-class nursing home run by terribly high-class nuns. One of them, the Sister Helena, has actually been Top Deb of her year before she thought her lover was killed, and took the veil.

And who should come as one of the patients in this home but that same lover—the dashing, charming, utterly irresistible Lord St. Amant. He has come to have a cyst taken out of his jaw and to sweep Sister H. away.

The Mother Superior listens in to all this outside on the terrace. And she is shocked beyond words. So she ups and poisons Milford St. Amant to protect the honour of the home.

But Inspector Falcon soon has her confessing.

What becomes of the nursing home, you ask? Why, they close that. And what becomes of Sister Helena? Why, when "October was old and the fall of the leaf was in, Sister Helena died in her sleep."

... And Alice B

IT is quite untrue that there is a recipe in **THE ALICE B. TOLKAS COOK BOOK** (Michael Joseph, 21s.) beginning "Eye of newt and toe of frog," but Miss Toklas was the lifelong friend and inseparable companion of the late American poetess Gertrude Stein, so many of her recipes do come breathlessly near to a mad sort of poetry.

Consider that delectable method of cooking fish contributed by Mrs Gilbert Whipple Chapman, of New York City. "Parbail the Shad Roce," it begins, and I consider it should be sung right through to the tune of "Weel may the Keel Row."

When she told a friend that she was about to embark on this work the friend stopped in her tracks. "But, Alice, have you ever tried to write?" "As for comments Miss Toklas, with a characteristic mixture of arrogance and modesty, "a cook book had anything to do with writing."

Well, if ever a cookery book could be literature, Miss Toklas, this is the one.

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

EDEN WAS A MYTH

Southwell, Dr. Russell Barry, has some advice for fellow clergymen—admit that the story of Adam and Eve is a myth.

"Unless," he says, "in his diocesan letter, 'we are perfectly frank about these stories we shall be manoeuvred on to false ground trying to defend indefensible positions—as Christians have been trying to do too often in the past.'"

The Garden of Eden, he explains, "does not describe an event which happened at the dawn of history; it presents one of the permanent and moral realities of human nature."

The author is stating a fundamental truth about man in his relationship to God in the form of a story, dramatic poem or, as theologians now say, a myth.

"It is a dramatic presentation of the meaning of sin and it rings true in all ages."

EMPHASIS ON LEGS

While pretty girls, following the H and A lines, are emphasizing out natural shape, well-dressed young bloods around Britain are thinking of going into the curves business.

Fashion expert John Taylor said in Northampton that the age of "drapery" and padded shoulders was ended. Now the emphasis was on legs.

In a few years, added Taylor, editor of the magazine *Men About Town*, the full calf would be the last word in men's fashions.

Already trousers were becoming tighter, throwing the calves into greater outline.

Soon, to give the legs more emphasis, men would start wearing short jackets with square shoulders and short lapels—"an oblong, box-like effect not unlike the fashion of Regency days."

WANT TO BE BOYS

Asked the question, "Would you rather be a boy or a girl?" most girls at a school at Aurillac in Southern France said they would like to be boys—or grown up.

Why? Well, one six-year-old replied, she would rather be a boy "so that I could have a catapult and kill birds."

An eleven-year-old girl answered that she would like to be a boy—and preferably a grown-up one like daddy.

"I wish I were like daddy," she said, "because he works only when he wants to. If he doesn't want to do a thing today, he

says he will do it tomorrow. I have to do everything at once. Daddy goes to work in a motor car but I have to walk to school."

A nine-year-old was thinking ahead: "I would like to be a man because men choose their wives and I shall not be able to choose my husband."

The boys' answers were thinking too of the advantages of being older. But they didn't seem to care much for the idea of being girls.

An eight-year-old boy wrote: "I am glad I will be a man because men go out while women stay at home and work."

And another did not want to change because "men have all sorts of amusements, especially on Sundays."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Says the plaque over the entrance to a long low building at Arolsen, Westphalia: "Here are housed the 'Archives of Horror'."

And here now is being written a report on a year's work among Europe's biggest card index with nearly nineteen million references and cross-references listing and classifying every known victim of Hitler's concentration camps.

The report, compiled by Englishman C. L. Widger, will be put before Western Allied and German representatives when they meet to decide the future of the men who keep the records.

The question: Should they go to the Germans under the treaties which make West Germany sovereign, or should Widger's staff of 221 workers of 13 nationalities stay under some form of international control?

The British Americans and French are being urged to stay on at Arolsen and not let the International Tracing Service—as the "Archives of Horror" is called on its notepaper—become an all-German affair.

There are two reasons. One is that, with hundreds of thousands of Hitler's victims still awaiting compensation, the work may slow up even more unless new claimants can be supported by their own officials.

And now inquiries are coming in from all over the world at the rate of 10,000 a month.

The second reason is the feeling that horror documents, must be openly preserved as proof that these horrors are not an invention of the victorious Allies.

There are long, long lists of Buchenwald inmates, for instance, against whose names were written the words: "Sent on to a rest camp." Another

document dug out after research into the whereabouts of this "rest camp" proved that this was just the Nazi German way of recording that they had all been dispatched to the gas chamber.

Then there are the concentration camp documents signed by Himmler, Hitler's Black Guards boss, with marginal notes in green ink written by Himmler himself.

In another department of the "Archives of Horror" in Widger's keeping is a document dated April 20—with the note that this was the Führer's birthday. And it went on to list those due to die at 0802 hours; those due to die at 0804 hours; those due to die at 0806 hours—and so on through most of his happy birthday.

TEN-YEAR HUNGARIAN EXILE SUIT

Joseph Hadju has been waiting a long time round in his present suit for ten years. And he says it's as good as ever, though maybe just a little boring.

And last week when he opened an exhibition of clothes which never wear out, French textile manufacturers boycotted him, fearing his invention would put them out of business.

It will could, Hadju says he can make cotton shirts last 20 times longer by dipping them in a bath of alkaline.

Woolen suits, he says, will last ten times as long, given the same treatment.

Hadju says the process does not change the basic nature of materials; it just tightens the weave, makes them softer to the touch, more pleasing to the eye.

HENRY VIII LEGEND

A legend about going on in royal places which has clung to the Hertfordshire town of Hemel Hempstead, for centuries went down the drain last week.

A musty tunnel which generations have believed was used by six-times-married King Henry VIII to carry on a flirtation with pretty Anne Boleyn (whom he later had beheaded) has been proved to be indeed nothing but an old drain.

The tunnel was said to link two of the town's historic houses—the Lockers and the Bury. There were stories that King Henry and Anne used to have meetings there so the world, and Henry's wife, wouldn't know.

And there was some foundation for the stories. For in 1535 Anne was a guest at the Lockers. And tradition has it that at the same time Henry was conveniently being entertained at the Bury by his court accountant, Jocust Whistle. Recently the Bury was bought by the local council. And the council decided to explore the tunnel.

Down into it went two employees on their hands and knees. The tunnel was never much more than three feet high and two feet six inches wide.

And after seventy-five yards it narrowed to 18 inches high and the men couldn't get any further.

Engineer Ian Wilson thinks the tunnel was just a drain for carrying surface water. And Clive Rouse, an expert on medieval architecture said: "Ninety percent of these so-called tunnels are just drains. And this certainly seems to be one. But it is of historic interest and should be preserved."

LOCUST WHISTLE

French scientists are taking a lesson from the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Only it is locusts they are after this time, not rats.

To beat the insect scourge, they have invented a high frequency "locust whistle" which lures the insects to their death.

And they have been trying it out in Algeria following the disastrous attacks there recently. In a documentary film to show the results, a man hidden in the grass is playing the whistle while swarms fly at top speed towards him.

Reason, say the scientists, is that all insects are attracted to sounds of a certain pitch, in the same way that moths are attracted to light.

The locusts are sprayed with high-powered insect killer once they have been lured into a central area.

PENSIONER PORT

Egyptian, ex-civil servant Yasser Fahmy, "faded himself a poet. So when the time came to fill in his pension form, he did it in verse."

It was formally signed and stamped by two government officials—just as the law requires.

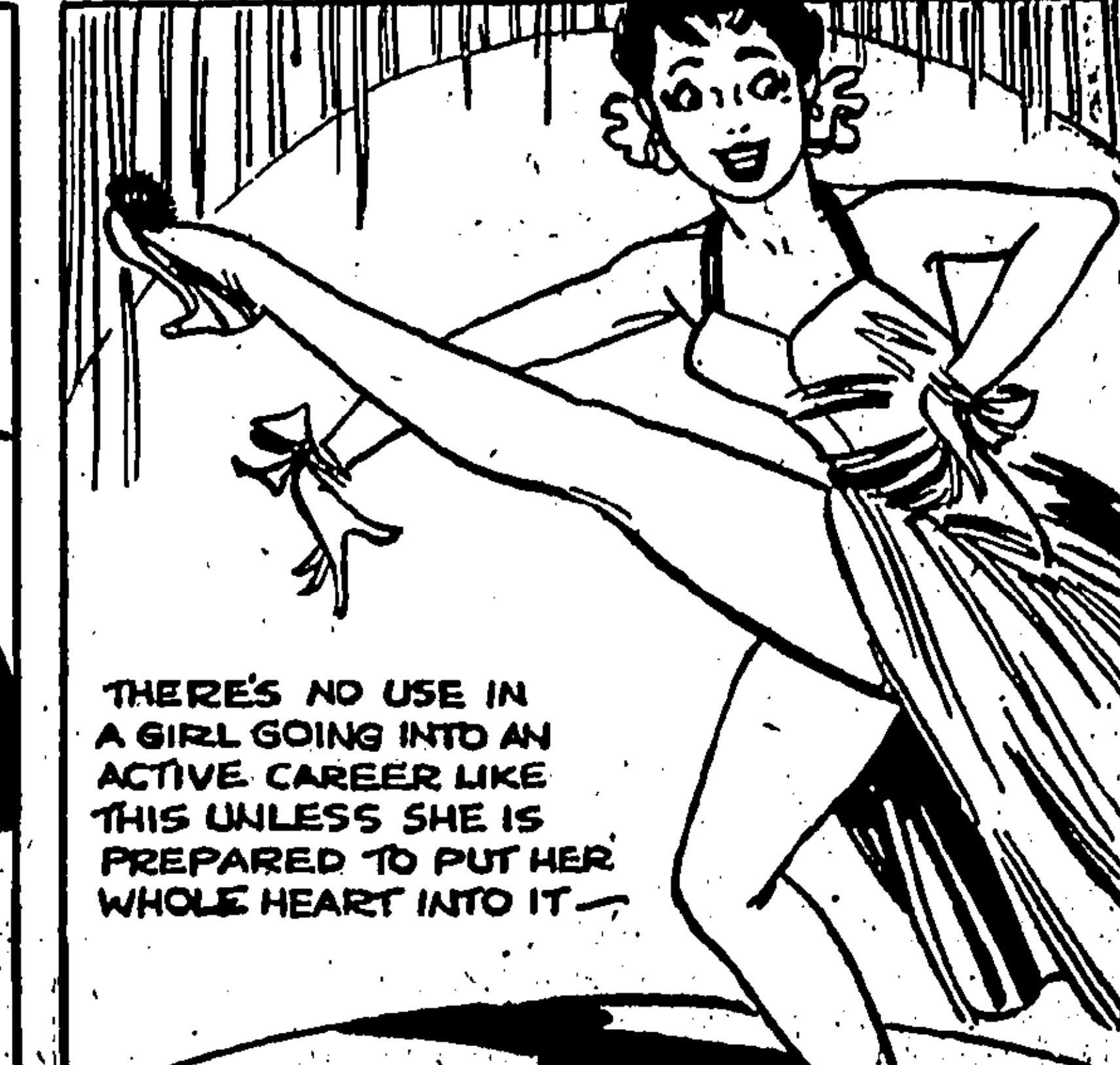
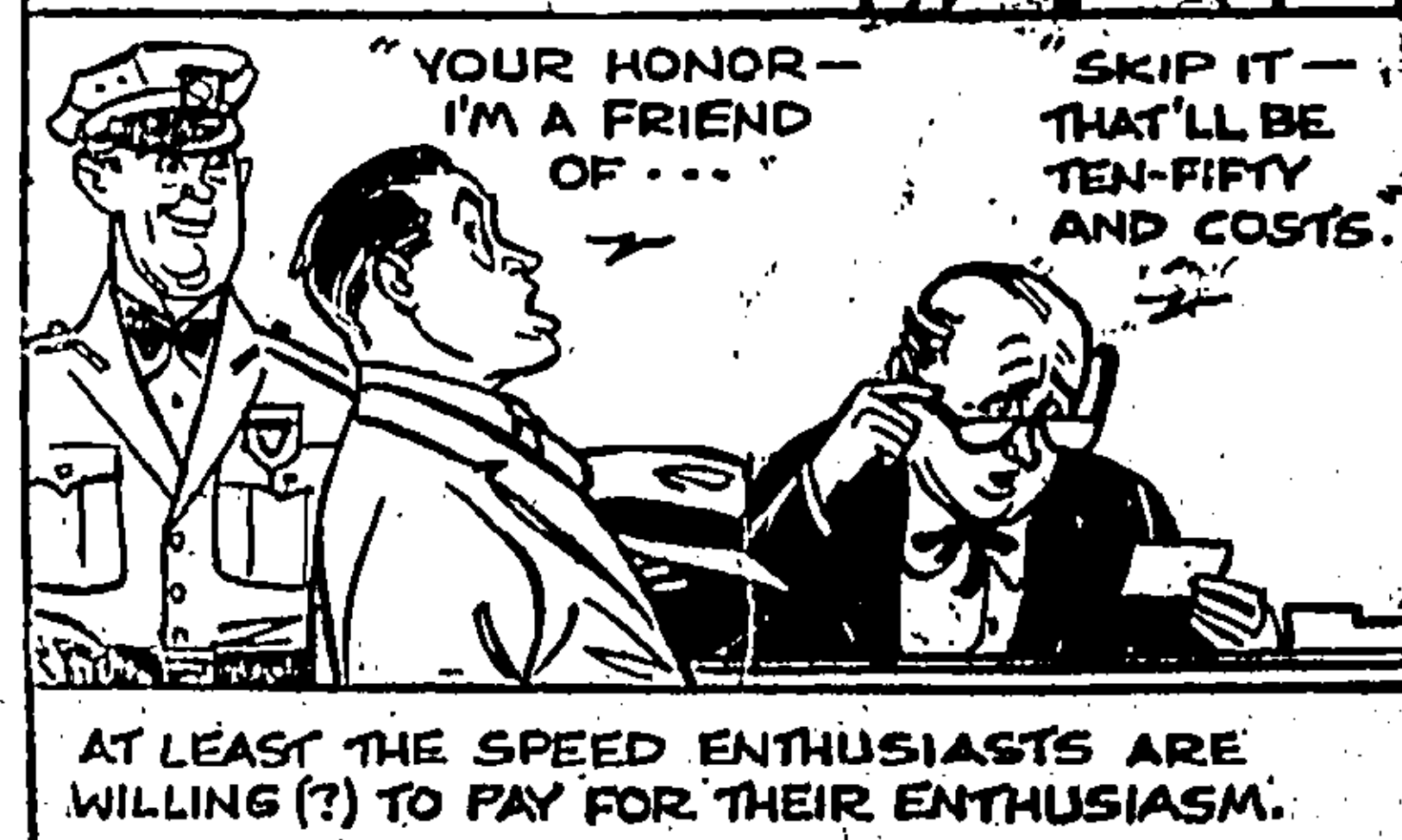
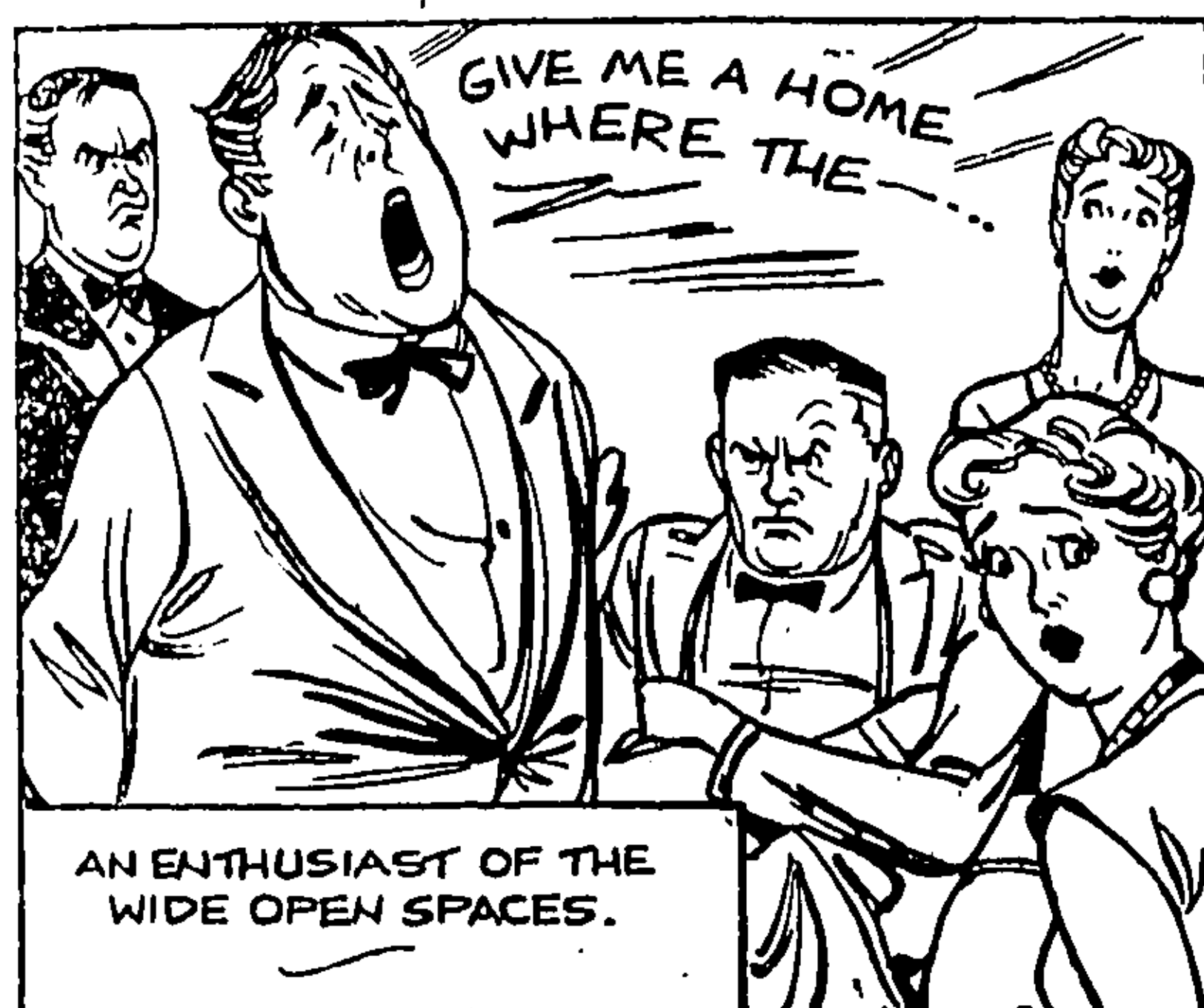
But Alexandria municipal council objected. Poetry they said was not allowed.

Fahmy insisted that his form fulfilled all the legal conditions and if it was not accepted, he would appeal to the State Council. After weeks of debate the council agreed. For Fahmy gets his pension.

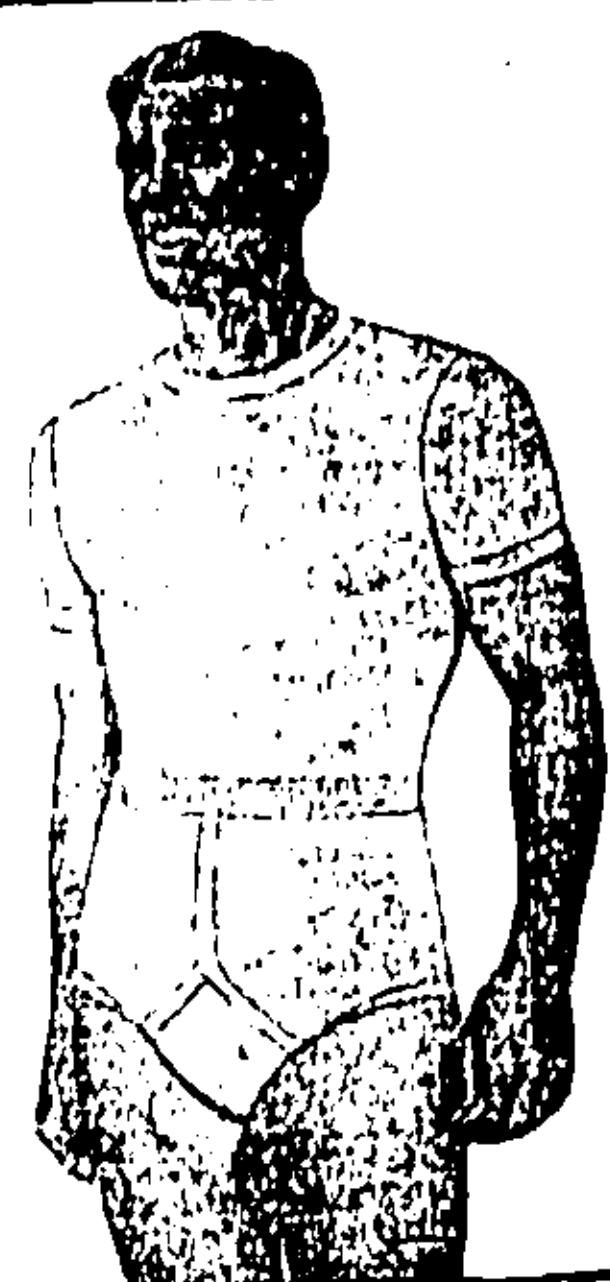
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

The Enthusiasts

BY HARRY WEINERD



to look at ease



feel at ease

Wear the one-and-only **Jockey® SHORTS**
Made by *Coopers*

Vacationing or working... you look at ease when you feel at ease. And that's how you'll feel in Jockey Shorts.

Tailored of 13 separate contoured pieces, Jockey Shorts fit you snug and smooth... give you long wear, full comfort. So see us soon... and feel at ease... wear Jockey Shorts and matching Contoured Shirts.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB NINTH RACE MEETING

Saturday, 26th March, 1955.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)
THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES.
The First Race will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 p.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

THE 1955 SETS OF MEMBERS' BADGES AND LADY'S BROOCHES WHICH ARE BEING ISSUED ARE NOT VALID UNTIL 1ST APRIL, 1955. THE 1954 SETS ARE VALID UNTIL THEN.

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons must wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him. Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years. Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.
MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Member's Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket, bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 9th April, 1955, at \$20.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building (Chater Road), 5, D'Almeida Street and 382, Nathan Road.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

MY TIPS ARE WOLVES, LUTON AND ORIENT

Says TOMMY LAWTON

Seven weeks to go before the end of the season... how much hope and frustration will be packed into that time for many clubs as the Cup, Championship, promotion, and relegation struggles intensify?

But before I discuss who I think the most likely candidates for honours, what of the general standard of our soccer in recent weeks?

The snow and ice-bound grounds have brought much good football from players who can control the ball.

Players who rely on speed and hustle have realized that the ball must be held, not bashed.

From recent games I have seen, I believe the football has been good, certainly a great deal better than five weeks ago when there were heavy, muddy grounds.

Have you noticed that only 11 points separate the fourth from the bottom and second from the top of the First Division?

CAN'T AFFORD TO SLIP
Wolves, now top, cannot afford to slip in any game. But with Swansea playing very well at centre forward, Wolves ever on the alert for the off-chance, and Huddersfield at his best, Wolves must be favourites for the League championship.

In fourth place are Portsmouth, who have been playing glorious football all season. With two matches in hand, and four points behind the leaders, they play the game the easy way, letting the ball do the work.

Charlton, in fifth place, are still there with a chance. They are one of the few teams who in adopt man-for-man marking. In Jimmy Seed, has an England centre-forward of the future.

Ayre is fast and mobile, splits the opposing defences open with his wandering, thus giving his inside forwards plenty of room to work.

Chelsea, too, are in the reckoning and must have a good chance of being in at the finish.

Manchester City are still knocking at the door. The Revie system has proved successful.

It may be that the England side will play this type of game in future if the selection of the "B" side is anything to go on.

Wishaw and Swinburne were both chosen to play, obviously upfield, with Revie playing deep behind them with a number eight shirt instead of the number nine. This system produces better football.

HARDER TO GET
In the Second Division Blackburn have slipped lately. Sevenson and Tommy Briggs will find he is being marked more closely than he normally is, and consequently goals are harder to get.

Blackburn must have a great chance, although teams below them, apart from Leeds, have matches in hand.

We have a saying in football that these matches "in hand" have to be won. As they are played late in the season and usually in mid-week, anything can happen—and usually does.

Luton, a consistent all-round side, are in a good position. With their goal-scoring forward line, they have an outstanding chance.

Stoke, Rotherham, Birmingham, Leeds, and West Ham all waiting for a mistake, will make the Second Division championship struggle a real race.

In the Third Division South, Bristol City and Leyton Orient have the struggle to themselves, Bristol, who haven't lost since manager Pat Beasley signed.

Black and white stripes; Red shirts with white sleeves and collars; Royal blue shirts with white collars; Old gold shirts with black collars.

Dixie Dean scored 60 goals for Everton in the 1927-28 season. In 39 League matches, Three Cup goals and 19 goals in representative matches make a grand total of 82.

1923. Bolton beat West Ham 2-0.

Yes. In 1888-89 by Preston North End and in 1898-97 by Aston Villa.

Pascual Perez of the Argentine.

Football, between Chelsea and Wolverhampton Wanderers; Ice hockey between Wembley Lions and Brighton Wileys.

Steve Donoghue who "rode six."

—(London Express Service)

Britain's Rising Star



The British and Empire Flyweight Champion, Dal Dover, elected the best young boxer of 1954, pictured with his award—a wrist watch and scroll—at a ceremony in London last week. —Reuterphoto.

Scotland Picked For Triple Crown

Says J. R. WATKINS

England's rugby selectors smarting under the prospects of holding the wooden spoon in the International table this season, have at last come to their senses. From the team picked to meet Scotland in the Calcutta Cup at Twickenham, it is obvious they realise the value of a settled side.

After a season of chopping and changing they have deserted their panic stations by announcing an unchanged side, with the exception of full back, for this all-important game.

Rhodesian Noel Estcourt (Blackheath), who played in the first trial at Falmouth, but failed to gain a cap or a place in the following trials, comes in at full back for Harry Scott (Manchester). Scott did not come up to expectations against France. His touch-kicking was of a poor length. He was just another in the long line of failures in this position.

Although Estcourt undoubtedly deserves this chance, his selection is a surprise. For at the end of the season, this 20-year-old former Cambridge full back returns home to Rhodesia. He had planned to leave earlier in the year, but delayed his departure to race out the English season, and to avoid letting down his club, Blackheath.

NOT FORGOTTEN

Estcourt, whose comment was: "What a splendid present to take back with me," has twice recently appeared for the Barbarians, an indication that he had not been forgotten. He was specially watched by the selectors in one of those games.

England can gain no honour this season. But by beating Scotland they can avoid being left with the wooden spoon and baulk the Scots' third and final step towards the Triple Crown.

Can England win? They are due for some success. Yet I cannot hold out much hope for them. Scotland, with wins over Wales and Ireland to their credit, have got their blood up. The confidence which was lacking earlier in the season, has returned. They are ready to take on all comers.

By relying on the side that beat Ireland, the team will play the same type of game which upset the Irish.

This is a very robust open play by the forwards, supported by the captain's tactical kicking. It is not pleasant to watch. But its effectiveness has been proved by Ireland and Jackie Kyle.

I think it will be proved again at Twickenham and take Scotland to victory and to the Triple Crown.

THE TEAMS

England: N. Estcourt (Blackheath); F. D. Sykes (Northampton); J. Butterfield (Northampton); W. P. C. Davies (Harlequins); R. C. Bazley (Army & Waterloos); D. G. S. Baker (O.M.T.); J. E. Williams (Old Moilians); D. St. G. Hazell (Leicester); N. A. Labuschagne (Guy's Hospital); G. W. Hastings (Gloucester); P. D. Young (capt.) (Dublin Wanderers); P. G. Yarrington (RAF and Wasps); D. S. Wilson (Met. Police); I. D. S. Beer (Old Whitgiftians and Harlequins); R. Higgins (Liverpool); F. McLennan (R.W.P. Chesham); A. R. Smith (Cambridge University); M. K. Elgie (London Scottish); R. G. Charters (Hawick); J. S. Swan (Coventry); A. Cameron (Glasgow H.S.F.P.); J. H. Nichol (Royal H.S.F.P.); H. F. McLeod (Hawick); W. K. L. Rolph (Stewart's F.P.); T. Elliot (Gala); E. J. S. Michie (Aberdeen University); J. W. Y. Kemp (Glasgow H.S.F.P.); A. Robson (Hawick); J. T. Greenwood (Dunfermline); J. A. MacGregor (Hillhead H.S.F.P.). —(London Express Service).

LEAGUE CRICKET

Can KCC Win The Senior Cricket Championship?

By "LEG GUARD"

The question uppermost in the minds of KCC supporters is, can the first team win one of their two remaining matches and thus secure for themselves the senior cricket championship?

The last time the KCC won the title was in 1940-41 (when, incidentally, the club achieved the "double") and it must be confessed that this year's team is the first since the war to give the appearance of being capable of repeating the 1940-41 success.

The team, I imagine, does not underestimate the tough task it has in collecting those vital four points. Today it is another visit to Sookunpoo to meet the powerful Army North. Army North may not be quite so strong as their sister team, Army South, but they are a formidable side to have to meet on their own ground. And after last Saturday's unhappy experience, KCC's chances of winning cannot be rated high.

They have the encouragement of knowing that Recreo beat Army North at King's Park last week, but it was a very, very close call, and cannot be regarded as a pointer to the outcome of this afternoon's match.

Last week, for the first time this season, the KCC attack got really manhandled, and Army North will be excused if they feel that what their South brothers did a week ago, they can do today. Nevertheless, KCC must continue to rely on their bowlers to bring them victory either against Army North or, in the final match, the Scorpions.

Their batting is distinctly uneven, and as has been shown more than once, decidedly vulnerable to a hostile or even well sustained attack.

DRAW NO GOOD
A draw will do the league leaders no material good, and the knowledge of this may spur the Kowloonites to an all-out effort.

Last week's victories by Army South and Recreo has lightened still further the race for the championship.

Army South, with only one game to play, and that against the luckless University, can expect to chalk up a total of 53 points for the season.

So too can Recreo, providing they win their last two games. Thus there is possibility of both Recreo and Army South pipping KCC on the post and sharing the title.

At this moment the best bet for the championship would appear to be Army South, who, unless there is an astounding upset of form, should win their twelfth and last match of the league season this week-end.

Then, unless KCC take four points today, Army South can sit back and watch the Kowloon club struggle to overtake their total of 53 points against the Scorpions at the Hongkong Cricket Club ground.

SECOND DIVISION

The second division championship is also fairly wide open. Recreo did not help their chances last Saturday by losing, but they are still in a position to catch up with the leaders if they win outstanding fixtures.

Their big problem may be to finish the entire programme within the limits of the season. Recreo have eight matches yet to play and officially today's fixtures should be the concluding ones of the season.

The Royal Air Force are in the comfortable position of having collected 52 points from 18 games, but they cannot afford to drop any points in their remaining engagements if they are to make themselves certain of the championship.

Kowloon Cricket Club, while not entirely out of the hunt, can only now be rated as possessing an outside chance of the title.

It probably will be finally decided between RAF and the Army.

The week-end matches are not likely to materially change the situation. Army at home to University are a cinch for maximum points, while RAF at Kai Tak should have small difficulty in beating IRC "B".

Recreo may well find Dockyard a little too strong for the Portuguese to win all four points, and KCC cannot afford to play below par against KGV if they wish to win and remain in the running for the championship.

TODAY'S GAMES

Recreo v CCC
University v Army South
Navy v Scorpions
Optimists v Police
Army North v KCC

HOW THEY STAND

The following are the First and Second Division League Cricket Standings up to and including March 11.

First Division

Recreo	18	10	4	3	1	45
University	17	8	3	0	-	38
Navy	18	8	2	2	-	34
Optimists	17	8	2	2	-	34
Police	17	8	2	2	-	34
Scorpions	16	8	4	5	1	31
KCC	17	5	1	1	-	21
IRC "A"	17	1	15	1	-	5
Navy	17	1	15	1	-	5
DBS	18	7	10	2	-	29
University	16	0	16	0	-	0

Second Division

RAF	19	12	3	4	-	52
Army	18	11	4	3	-	47
KCC	17	9	5	3	-	39
IRC "B"	22	9	0	2	-	38
IRC "A"	17	9	7	1	-	37
Recreo	14	8	4	2	-	34
Police	20	8	10	2	-	34
IRC "B"	19	8	10	1	-	33
Dockyard	20	7	8	5	-	33
Navy	19	7	10	2	-	30
DBS	18	7	10	2	-	29
University	16	0	14	2	-	2

Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate whom they consider to be Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season. It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be received until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to The Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

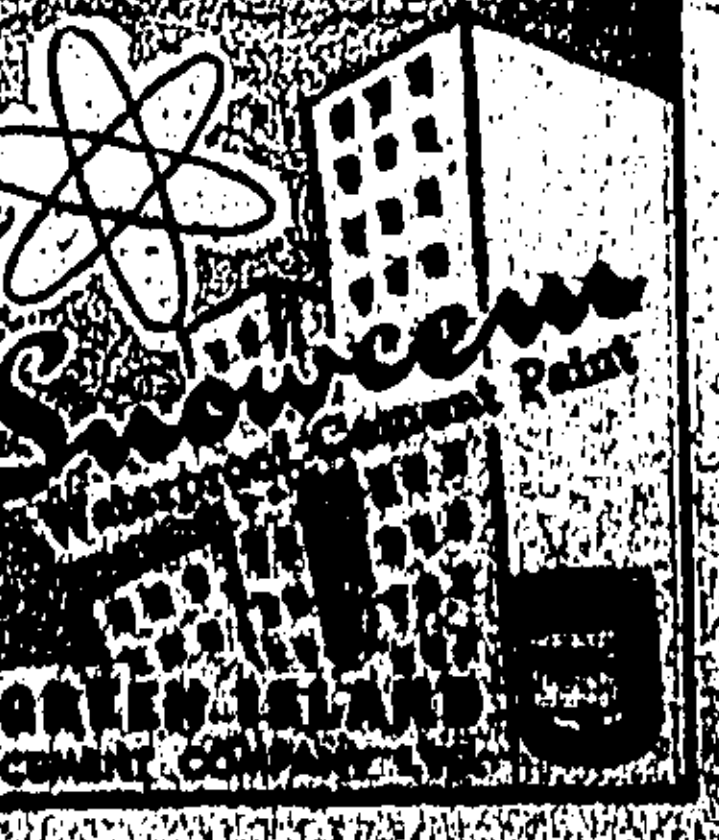
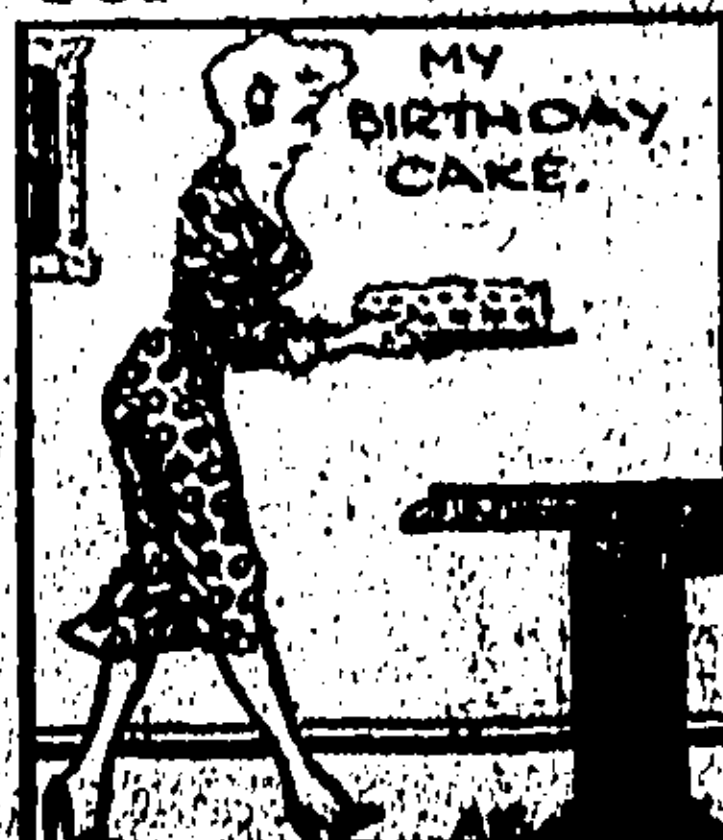
To The Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the Club.

(Signed)

POP



Candlestine!

TODAY'S GAMES

Recreo v CCC
University v Army South
Navy v Scorpions
Optimists v Police
Army North v KCC

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IRC "A"	17	1	15	1	-	5
Navy	17	1	15	1	-	5
DBS	18	7	10	2	-	29
University	16	0	16	0	-	0

Second Division

RAF	19	12	3	4	-	52
Army	18	11	4	3	-	47
KCC	17	9	5	3	-	39
IRC "B"	22	9	0	2	-	38
IRC "A"	17	9	7	1	-	37
Recreo	14	8	4	2	-	34
Police	20	8	10	2	-	34
IRC "B"	19	8	10	1	-	33
Dockyard	20	7	8	5	-	33
Navy	19	7	10	2	-	30
DBS	18	7	10	2	-	29
University	16	0	14	2	-	2

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

Is St. Joseph's Initiative To Be The Stepping Stone To Another Innovation?

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Last week I told you about two important situations in local football... of the possibility of a raid on the Sing Tao preserves and of the undercurrent of thought that one or two of the present senior sides might advantageously be weeded out... advantageous that is to some of the more mercenary interests.

Now I am going to tell you of a corollary to the latter idea that I heard discussed at length during the last few days.

This I believe is another indication of the financially inspired ruthless 'progressiveness' that is growing up.

It was suggested in my presence that on view of the fact that St. Joseph's have shown that Macao's star players are willing to travel to Hong Kong to play regularly in our football, it might not be a bad idea for the Association to make the most of this situation and extend an invitation to the Macao F.A. to put a couple of their better sides in the Hong Kong league or even as one of the speakers said their representative side.

Now there are those who might scoff at the very suggestion of such a thing. There are no doubt those who will quote constitutions and say that such a thing is impossible, but to those folks who might feel like that about it, I can only say that such thoughts are in the minds of local minds and I believe that they could and should prepare an attractive case for their suggestion.

IMPORTANT ARGUMENTS

I heard it being pointed out that if one takes the trouble to look around they will find that there is virtually a full team of players from Macao playing here at the moment. And I believe that if these who are interested decide to bring their idea into the public eye, they will support it with two important arguments.

The first would be that a top-class and successful Macao team would be a big attraction in Hong Kong and would draw the dollar paying fans to the (tiresome) and the missionary aspect of course is that it would also do a lot of good for football in Macao as one of the Hong Kong teams would be in action in the Portuguese Colony every other week.

This week-end in Macao might even be held out as a bait to the local players but of course one can spot immediately that there would be some financial difficulties involved especially as far as some of the less prosperous clubs are concerned.

Such a thing might never come to pass, but big trees have grown from little seeds, and what seems far fetched today may be viewed in a very different light in the future.

However I don't produce the story as a forecast of what might or might not happen in the time ahead, but I write it because I feel that it gives some idea of how the wind is blowing. There are interests who are obviously dissatisfied with things as they are. There are those who would be much happier if every match was a 'big' one, particularly in respect of financial return, and when the time is ripe they will pretty certainly be ready to table plans that are just as unexpected as the one I have told you about now.

There is a great deal of discussion down the soccer alley about the justice, or lack of it, in the decision of the Manage-

ment Committee of the HKFA in cancelling the Senior Shield finalists—South China and Army—to play their scheduled league games on the day following the final, that is, on Sunday March 27.

DECISION UNFAIR

I have heard many points of view expressed, but my own opinion is that the decision is particularly unfair as far as South China is concerned. The Army has long since lost interest in the league title race and their tussle with Kwong Wah, whom they have already beaten twice this season—is very much of a routine affair.

For South China, on the other hand, every game is a stepping stone to their regaining the championship they lost to KMB last season. To ask them to go into action on the day following the final, and against a side that has already beaten them, seems an injustice... and I say that in spite of all the arguments that have been offered in support of the decision.

Footballers are not clockwork machines. They cannot be wound up and made to perform the same little act at will. They are, whatever some folks would have us believe, human beings.

Any footballer who has even taken part in a really big game will tell you that the psychological preparation is every bit as important as the physical preparation.

The big occasion releases the pent up tension and at the end of the game the players are usually mentally and physically exhausted.

In victory or defeat great stars have been known to faint, to cry unashamedly, and even to show the symptoms of hysteria. Cup finalists have been known to lose to inferior opposition a few days after the big event.

Now I am not suggesting that any of these things are going to happen after the Senior Shield final, but I believe the decision to play off the scheduled games shows a lack of basic understanding, not of the clubs... or the officials... but of the players who have to take part.

Thinking back through many years of connection with the game I cannot recall a single similar circumstance... and quite honestly, I don't believe it could have happened anywhere but here. I realise that there is a heavy back log of fixtures.

I appreciate too that there is still a heavy programme to be completed... but such a circumstance can hardly be laid at the doors of any particular clubs.

Between now and the end of the season there are evenings available when the South China-Eastern game could be played with greater satisfaction to both sides and I feel that the Eastern officials have gained few friends by their determined, and as we now know successful, efforts to get the schedule adhered to.

For the officials on both sides I hold no brief, but for the players of the Caroline Hill team, I have a great deal of sympathy. It is asking far too much to expect them to be at concert pitch on two successive days, especially when the first one involves their participation in the Shield Final.

There is a restricted programme of games this week but with League Champions KMB clashing with league leaders Kitchee today, and the second game in the Governor's Cup series tomorrow, there will be sufficiency of interesting soccer. Here is the full programme:—

TODAY

First Division
KMB v. Kitchee at Caroline Hill at 4.30 pm.
Navy v. Sing Tao at Causeway Bay at 4.30 pm.
Police v. Kwong Wah at Boundary Street at 4.30 pm.

TOMORROW

Governor's Cup—2nd Game
CAAF v. HKFA at Club Stadium at 4.30 pm. (45 minutes each way. No Extra Time)
The crowd will flock to Caroline Hill this afternoon and I believe they will see a KMB victory... If the Busmen produce their real form, KMB play their football at top speed and if they swing the ball about and give Tang Yee-Kit and Szeto Man room to move, I think they will get the goals necessary to see them through.

Kitchee will make a fight of it. A victory for them here would open the league race wider than ever... but I just cannot see KMB beaten at this stage.

Sing Tao should have little trouble in getting back on the winning way again when they meet the Royal Navy and Kwong Wah look good enough to bring back at least one point from the Police at Boundary Street.

STRONG SIDE

The CAAF selectors have picked a strong side for the second match in the Governor's Cup series tomorrow and look a good bet to beat a not very inspiring HKFA side. All the top Chinese stars will be in action and they will not doubt be out to avenge the crushing defeat their colleagues received in the first game of the series. It should be a good entertaining Aussie and the CAAF boys should square the account.

March 27... make a note of the date... The Colony Athletic Championships are due to be staged at Caroline Hill on that date... I think you are going to hear a lot more about this very soon... from the football fraternity...

Blarney Stone 'Sevens'

Final Today

FIJIAN'S LAST APPEARANCE

Starting with a record number of fifty-four entries, the Blarney Stone Sevens-Sides have now been reduced to the final eight. Seven games therefore remain to be played off, and they will all take place this afternoon.

The opening game is between the 25 Field "A" and 42nd Field "A" and will commence at 3 p.m. prompt. Just who will emerge the victor of this encounter is an awkward question, though 42nd Field look the more likely.

The second game between 27 HAA "A" and Far East Farm "A", while it is expected to be close, should go to the Farmers, who play a superior brand of Sevens rugby in comparison with the 27th HAA.

In the third game, the favourites for the title, 72 LAA "A" meet Wayfoong, 72 LAA should win by a narrow margin.

The last game of the quarter-finals finds 48 Club "A" pitted against RAF Mount Davis. The 48 Club "A" are the faster and snappier team, and should win as the Airmen have never shone, though they have won steadily.

The semi-finals commence immediately after the 48 Club "A" game, and Far East Farm again look the more likely prospect, for their opponents are not in the same class.

A NEAR THING

The second semi-final will be a near thing but 72 LAA should escape through into the final, having had the advantage of the longer rest period.

The referees find themselves unable to field a Seven this afternoon, so their game with the Old Crocks has had to be cancelled. This is a pity as everyone was looking forward to this match.

However, as mentioned on Thursday the Fijians will be playing in the interval, and the Fijian game should prove interesting and instructive. Finally at 5.40 pm the finalists will meet. According to my calculations this brings together Far East Farm "A" and 72 LAA "A". The former will have advantage of an extra twenty minutes rest, and they could easily wrest the title from 72 LAA. But the latter should win.

Naturally in Sevens, any team can suddenly be knocked out of the Tournament, and the above forecasts could be completely wrong. As the outsider I select 48 Club "A" (the Northamptonshire).

Programmes will again be on sale price \$1.00 and they will be marked up to date, with the proceeds like the gate money going to charities.

Here are the times of the games:

3 pm. 25th Field "A" v 42 Field "A" (1)
3.20 pm. Far East Farm "A" v 27 HAA "A" (2)

3.40 pm. Wayfoong v 72 LAA "A" (3)
4 pm. RAF Mount Davis v 48 Club "A" (4)
4.20 pm. Winner game (1) v Winner game (2).

4.40 p.m. Winner game (3) v Winner game (4)
5 pm. Fijians "A" v Fijians "B"
5.30 Final Blarney Stone Tournament.

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Saints Will Battle Braves For Senior Softball Title

League leaders, Saints will battle the hard-hitting Braves for the Senior "A" Softball title tomorrow. Both teams are in excellent form and are expected to exhibit water-tight defence work and fiery batting power.

The old timers are well prepared for this crucial game as they played a friendly match with the USS Corson last week and everyone seemed in a tip-top physical condition.

St Joseph's are leading the other teams with only one defeat on the Lynxes and they should beat their inexperienced opponents. Pandas Junior will take on the Lynxes and they should beat their inexperienced opponents.

The Ladies' Play-Off Series starts this week in which Wahos Aces and Bees will battle the South China and Pandas Ladies respectively for the Senior title. CAA Ladies will meet Colicorns Bees for the Junior Crown. The Owls are expected to score their first victory and the more experienced Ladies Athletic of CAA should be able to overcome the young Colicorns Bees.

THE PROGRAMME

The complete programme is as follows:

Saturday

2.00 p.m. (A) P.I. Dodgers vs South China Jr.
3.20 p.m. (A) Blackhaws 'B' vs C. A. A. Jr.

Sunday

10.00 a.m. (A) Wahos 'A' vs South China Ladies; (B) C.A.A. vs Colicorns 'B'.
11.30 a.m. (A) Comets vs Ducks.
2.00 p.m. (A) Braves vs St Joseph's.
3.30 p.m. (A) Wahos 'B' vs Pandas Ladies; (B) Lynxes vs Pandas Jr.

MAKING PREPARATION

Braves on the other hand are making every preparation for this big game. Though they are already out of the pennant race, their sole interest and hope is to beat the Champions and to get even with them as they suffered a narrow 5-4 setback in the first round. Judging from their latest success in trouncing the Pandas Aces a fortnight ago, it is quite possible that they will fulfil their wishes.

In their team are Jack Brown and Chappy Remedios on the slab, Manuel Gutierrez and Frankie Corra behind the plate, Carluo Yvanovich, Eddie Loureiro, Junior Remedios, Tony Osmund and Hank Klean guarding the inner diamond and Buji Dharther, Carlos Remedios, Spiky and Tony Gutierrez and Frankie Loureiro patrolling the other ground.

In the Junior Play-off series, Blackhaws Bees will battle the CAA Junior who upset the Ducks in their first game, and Comets will meet the luckless Ducks. Blackhaws Bees, though they suffered a defeat from the rising Comets, are nevertheless favoured to beat the young Athletics. Comets are expected to beat the Ducks who seemed very much out of practice.

In the Junior knock-out series the P. I. Dodgers who drew a bye in the first round will meet the South China Junior Athletics and are expected to have an easy



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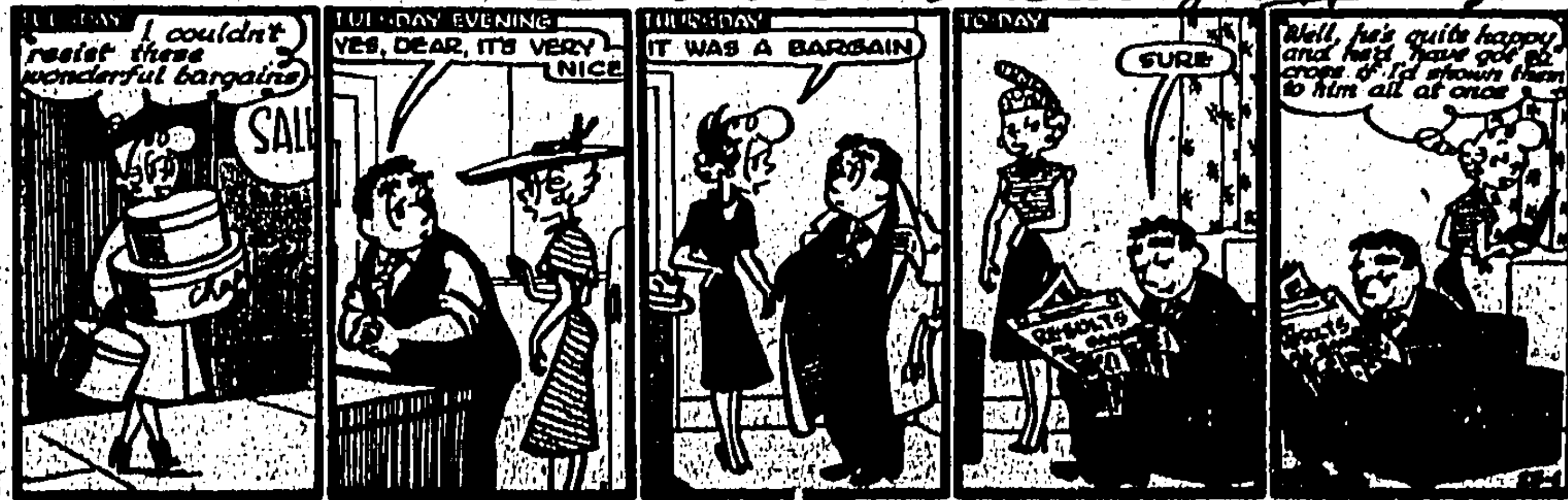
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SPORTS QUIZ

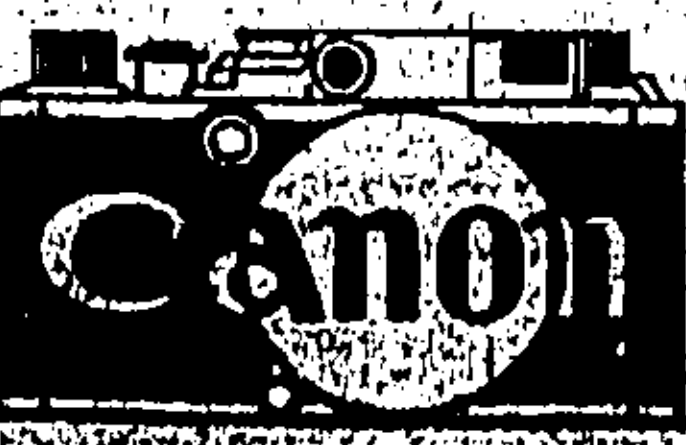
1. The World Amateur Ice Hockey Championships were held in Germany this month. Who won and who were runners-up?
2. What is the maximum possible break in snooker? Think twice before answering this one.
3. What sports do you associate with the following terms: hand out; line out; bulk; bully?
4. What colours do the following English soccer clubs play in: Newcastle; Arsenal; Chelsea; Wolves?
5. What is the English League goal-scoring record for one season, and who created it?
6. When was the FA Cup Final first played at Wembley?
7. Has an English soccer club ever won the Cup and League Championship in one season? If so when?
8. Who is the World Fly-weight Boxing Champion?
9. What goes on when Pensioners clash with Wolves; Lions with Tigers?
10. Who has ridden most English Derby winners? (Answers See Page 18)

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



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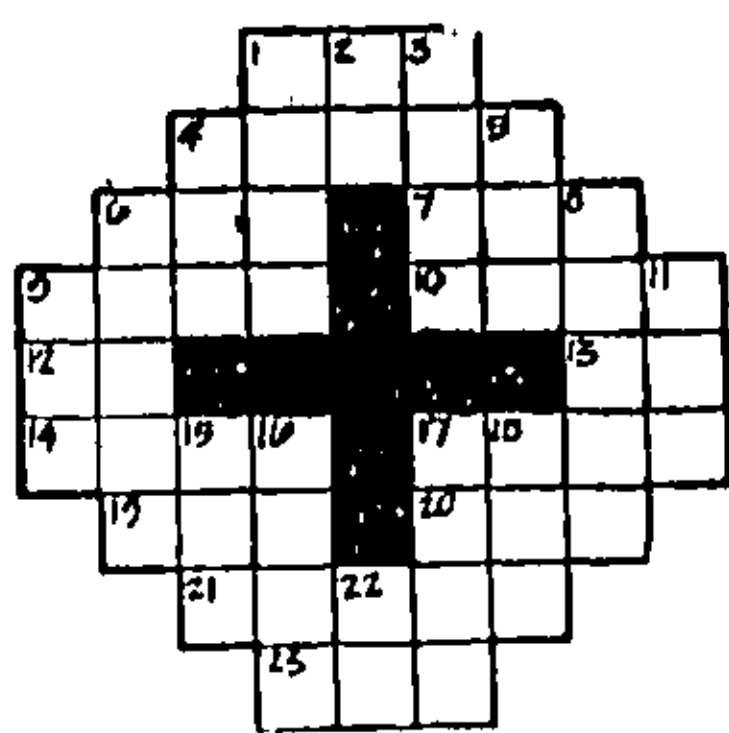
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Boat paddle
- 4 Return
- 6 Be sick
- 7 Drunkard
- 9 Cereal grain
- 10 Makes mistakes
- 12 Paid notice in newspaper
- 13 Butterfly
- 14 Trail
- 17 Mimicked
- 19 Courtesy title
- 20 Youth
- 21 Wearies
- 23 Mineral rock

DOWN

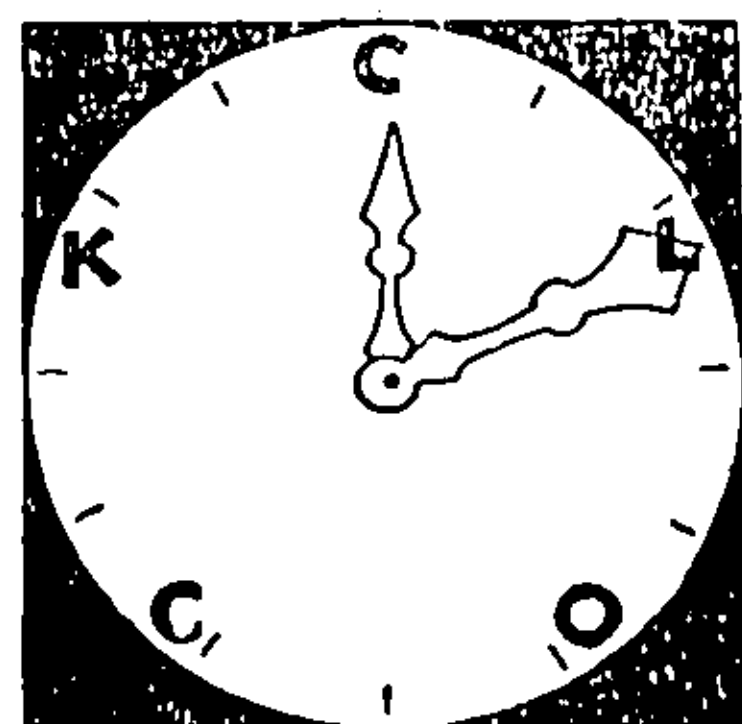
- 1 Shield bearing
- 2 Rough lava
- 3 Get up
- 4 Twisting
- 5 Correlative of neither
- 6 Military assistants
- 8 Tested
- 9 Rodent
- 11 Turf
- 15 Perch
- 16 Group of three singers
- 17 Toward the sheltered side
- 18 Dance step
- 22 Railroad (abbr.)

TRIANGLE

The Puzzleman seems to have been hungry since he bases his triangle on ENTREES. The second word is "a preposition", third "with", fourth "wing-shaped", fifth "solitary", and sixth "a citrus fruit". Finish the triangle from these clues:

ENTREES
E
N
T
R
E
E
S

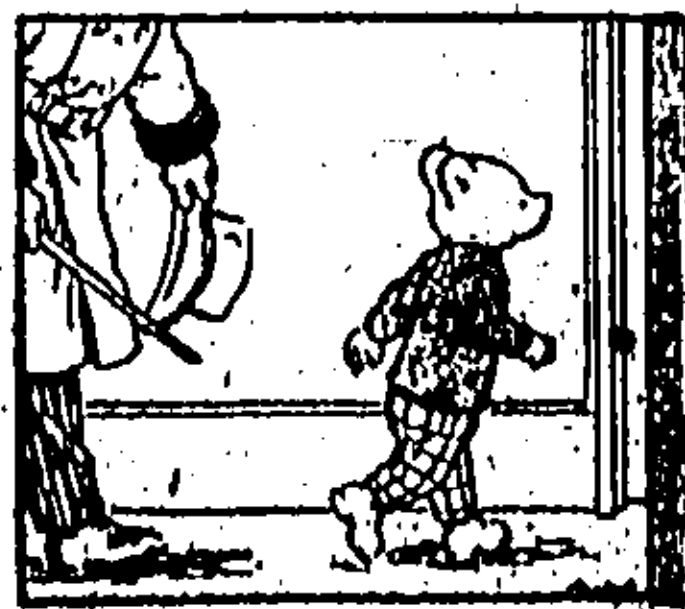
Figure Out How The Odd Clock Spells



MY clock has the word CLOCK written around on its face, as shown in the drawing, but the letter "L" is mounted on the end of the minute hand. The letters are twelve minutes apart. As the minute hand moves around, how many times each 24 hours does it set in the correct position to spell the word CLOCK, and at what points?

(Answer on Page 20)

Rupert and the Broken Plate—25



What the two men want is quite clear, so Rupert turns back to enter the cottage. "Keep as quiet as you can," says Mr. Bear. "Mummy may hear us and worry." The men are too interested to wait in the garden, and all rights believed.

Rupert's heels as he enters the kitchen. He sees them stare in amazement at the colour of the plate, but after a minute, to his surprise, they concentrate their attention on the jagged edges of the broken plate. "All rights believed."

BEHEADIN'S

Behead "a nautical term" for "strict", behead this for "a gut-like bird", again for "a sea eagle", and finally for an abbreviation for "registered nurse".

SCRAMBLED ADDITION

Add a letter to "before" and scramble for a "large plant"; repeat procedure and have "a cubic metre", again for "a church festival", and finally for "Oriental".

PICTURE WORD SQUARE

Substitute a four-letter word to describe each picture and your answer will read the same down as across:



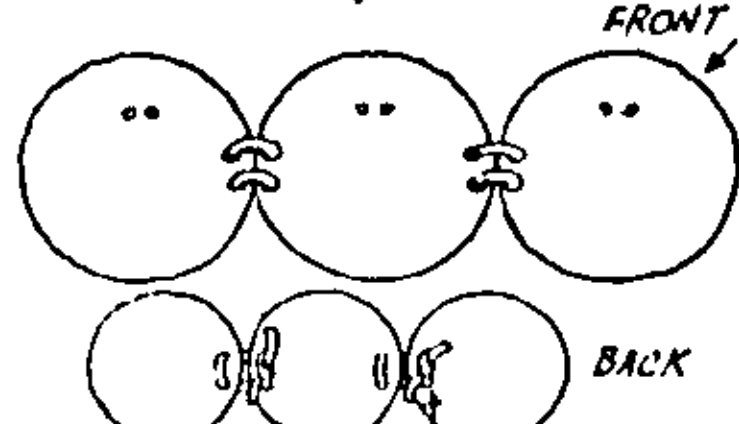
(Solutions on Page 20)

PICTURES

1. Punch holes in 3 small ALUMINUM PIE PLATES... like this.



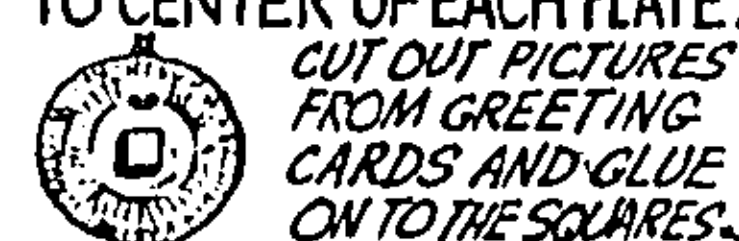
2. Lace the 3 plates together with PIPE CLEANERS... lace through holes in rims of plates.



3. Tie short RIBBONS through the holes at the top for hanging.



4. GLUE 1 INCH SQUARES OF CORRUGATED CARDBOARD TO CENTER OF EACH PLATE.



CUT OUT PICTURES FROM GREETING CARDS AND GLUE ON TO THE SQUARES.



HANG THEM IN YOUR ROOM!

Indians Used Coal In The Ninth Century!

By R. S. CRAGGS

UNTIL VERY RECENTLY it was believed that Louis Joliet and Jacques Marquette were the first persons to discover coal in North America. They found it in 1673. Now scientists have discovered that the Hopi Indians of Arizona knew of the value of coal as a fuel as early as the ninth century, about the same time the English began using it.

The coal used by these ancient Americans contained a high percentage of bone, sulphur and other impurities which must have made it anything but agreeable to burn. As well as using the black "stone" as a fuel the Indians used it for their fires when making pottery.

The Indians used coal (though they also sometimes used wood) for several hundred years and were still using it when the first white explorers arrived. This introduced them to the steel axe and when wood could be cut so easily by this method, as compared to the labour of cutting it with their stone axe, the use of coal was soon abandoned.

The Indian coal mines were not deep. They usually consisted of surface trenches going down twenty or thirty feet, although a few shafts were discovered where the Indians had gone beneath the ground. In the entire Jeddito Valley, where the discovery was made, it is estimated that more than



100,000 tons of coal were mined altogether. Although meant for a race still living the work covered many in the stone age!

HOW CHEWING GUM IS MADE

By JEAN W. LYON

CHEWING GUM is an American custom, but the sapodilla tree which furnishes the basis for gum is not grown in the United States. It is a tropical tree.

The wood of the sapodilla tree is unusual for it is so hard that it will not float. A splinter of the wood could be driven into a pine plank. It bears a fruit used only by the natives. The gum factories are a long way from these trees. Many obstacles must be overcome before the chewing gum stage is reached. The workers who tap the scattered trees, by a method similar to the way rubber or maple trees are tapped, must spend considerable time going from tree to tree collecting the milky latex because there are few cultivated groves. Labour for this tapping and collecting is scarce, due to jungle conditions as well as the danger from reptiles and insects.

SUPERSTITION

The tapping is done by a workman called the chicleero. Braced only by a rope far up in the tree, he is exposed to considerable danger. Accidents are frequent and often there is no medical aid available. Superstition following an accident to a chicleero is liable to keep other workers out of a region of sapodilla trees for a long time.

Mixed with impurities, the small amounts of latex are put in iron kettles to boil over an open fire. A stick is dipped in the boiling mass from time to time and as it is withdrawn the latex on the end of it hardens. It is dipped again and again until a sizable ball is made which is then stacked for transporting to the docks.

The transportation is as primitive as the preparation of the latex itself. It is often brought from the interior by mule back as well as canoe on the first leg of the long journey to the manufacturer of chewing gum.

Before it becomes chewing gum, the latex is subjected to intricate machinery which pro-



cesses and refines it. Flavouring of peppermint, spearmint, clove and other condiments, as well as colouring, are added. Each stick is sugar coated and individually wrapped before being packaged. The handling in the factory is as modern as it is crude in the jungle. Next time you chew a stick of gum, remember the long pull it has already had!

The Carpenter's Work

—He Made a Handsome Table by Himself—

By MAX TRELL

THE door-bell rang early in the morning and in came Mr. Sawdust, who was a little roly-poly man with pink cheeks and very blue eyes.

Mr. Sawdust was carrying a long board over his shoulder and a case full of tools. He was a carpenter.

A Polite Carpenter

"Good morning," Mr. Sawdust said to Knarf and Hamid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names and also to Mr. Punch and Judy, to General Tin the Tin Soldier, to Teddy the Stuffed Bear, and Mary-Jane the Rag Doll. He also nodded to the Canary and to Suzanne and Alphonse the two Gold Fish.

"I guess I'll start right in making it," Mr. Sawdust said, as he took off his coat and hung it over a chair. He put on a pair of white overalls, stuck a pencil behind his ear, opened up the tool-case and took out a saw. Then he laid the long board across a couple of wooden sawhorses and sawed it in half. Everyone in the room watched him.

"I wonder what he's making," Teddy the Stuffed Bear said to Knarf.

What Is He Making?

"A shelf," Knarf said. "That's what you're making, aren't you, Mr. Sawdust?" Knarf called over.

"It could be," said Mr. Sawdust.

"That's all he would say!" "Of course it's a shelf," Knarf repeated to Teddy. "It's a long, flat smooth piece of wood. That's just what a shelf is!"

"It might be a board for the floor," said Mr. Punch.

"It might be a railing for a fence," said General Tin the Tin Soldier.

"Suddenly Hamid exclaimed: 'Look! Mr. Sawdust is putting two of the boards together, side by side. It's much too wide to be a shelf now!'"

Mr. Punch and General Tin admitted it didn't look like a shelf. "A floor board or a fence rail either," said General Tin.

"It must be something else," said Teddy the Stuffed Bear.

An Unusual Stamp

HERE is a most unusual stamp. Almost a triangular, but just misses it by being clipped at the top. A rare shape indeed — and it portrays a man who is rare in his wisdom and famed for his goodness.

His name is Schweitzer — Dr. Albert Schweitzer, a Frenchman who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1953. He was 78 when this stamp came to him — the fame that goes with the £12,000 award; fame that he deliberately sacrificed nearly half a century ago to serve a race to whom the word peace meant little: cannibals.



Even then, as a young man, Albert Schweitzer was recognised throughout the world as the greatest interpreter of the organ music of Bach. He was known, too, as a brilliant scholar on the life of Jesus. He was praised as an original thinker and philosopher.

Then, when all this seemed as if it must lead him to fame and fortune, he resigned all his posts and volunteered to go into one of the most primitive areas in all Africa: the French settlement of Lambaréne, in Gabon.

There he built a hospital. His wife helped. Thousands of cannibals were cured of their tropical ills. Witchcraft and disease were pushed back. And all the time the good doctor toiled, too, at his great work: "Philosophy and Civilisation."

It was published volume by volume. And the fame he had given up began to return.

The stamp is issued by Monaco, the principality in Southern France. It is perforated 11 by 11½, printed in recess and a set of three costs 9d. in London. —J.A.A.



"I'm doing a foxtrot. What are you doing?"

YOUR BIRTHDAY By STELLA

SATURDAY, MARCH 19

BORN today, you have one of those naturally outgoing personalities which help you to get where you want to go with the minimum of exertion. Yet, you are a hard worker and once you have set your mind on something you intend to make a try until you get it. The actual depth of your character is not always visible to the casual observer. You have a keen sense of the dramatic and since you are able to speak fluently in public, you will find that a career in which you deal with people is the one in which you will enjoy the best advancement.

Sympathetic to the needs of the underdeveloped groups of the world, you will work to better their conditions, be they here or abroad. Peace-loving by nature, you are perfectly willing to stir up a good scrap if you think it is in a worthy cause!

You thrive on love and affection. If you are denied this and are in surroundings which are not congenial, you can become moody and very unhappy with life. Wed at an early age, for you need companionship of your own family about you at all times.

Among these born on this date are: Benjamin Gigg, operatic tenor; William Jennings Bryan, statesman; John Winthrop, colonial governor; Herbert S. Newton, astronomer; and R. W. Goetz, financier.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20) — Peace of mind can often be gained by listening to a good sermon containing constructive ideas.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20) — It is well to cultivate the spiritual side of your nature or material gains can be of little avail.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21) — Anticipate some special, but unexpected, joy today. The stars are definitely smiling in your direction.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21) — If the weather is fine, get out into the open. You may have an attack of spring fever!

CANCER (June 22-July 23) — End the winter on a spiritual note. Attend the church of your choice and gain inspiration.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23) — Before attempting to correct the errors of others, first take a look at your own behaviour!

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) — Plan a change of scene to stop your enthusiasm. Accept an invitation away from home, if offered.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) — If you are restless today, it may be just the signs of the times. First day of spring is tomorrow.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23) — If you will do your share, things at home will be calm and harmonious. Takes two to make an argument.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22) — You can make any kind of plans you may wish for today with assurance that all will turn out well.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20) — If you are planning a trip, try to figure a way to avoid heavy traffic. Take the back roads.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19) — No matter what provocation, avoid getting into even a slight argument. It could turn into something worse.

BORN today, you are a person of original and outstanding ideas. You seldom, if ever, do anything in the conventionally accepted manner. You may approach an old problem in an entirely new manner and set up a fresh pattern of behaviour for the world. You have talent for active leadership as well as in the realm of ideas. This combination is bound to make you a force in the world and one who will make an imprint upon the age in which you live.

You are a natural executive and know how to plan things for others to execute. You have a scientific approach and like to base your decisions on facts, although you are secretly intrigued by the mysterious and the occult.

You are not as self-confident as one with your talents should be. Learn to push yourself forward a little more or the success which is rightfully yours may not come to you until rather late in life. You are capable of giving excellent advice, but if those you counsel do not follow it, you are not one to waste your words a second time. You may need to learn the lesson of co-operation, since you are so much the individualist.

Among those who were born on this day are: Neal Dow, reformer; James Schouler, historian; Charles W. Eliot, educator; Walter Lionel George, and William John Locke, novelists; and Lucy Mitchell, archaeologist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MARCH 21

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20) — Time can be money, so be careful how you waste it. Don't spend too much time gossiping.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21) — Nerves are on the "raw" today, so keep things under good control and don't lose your temper.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21) — First day of spring should be good news for you! Now you can get outdoors, more. In the garden?

CANCER (June 22-July 23) — If people seem to irritate you, try to be patient. You can lose friends by losing your temper.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23) — Inquire carefully into any new scheme suggested by a stranger. You may have true wealth. Test it out today and see if it has.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) — If you are restless today, it may be just the signs of the times. First day of spring is tomorrow.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) — It is wise to make plans for the future. Summer is not so far away. Any plan for your vacation?

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23) — Better for you not to heed impulse today. Give every thought a second consideration before you act on it.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22) — An original or inventive idea may have true merit. Test it out today and see if it has.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20) — Take a positive, constructive attitude toward all matters now and you can make good progress.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19) — Success will be what you make it today. It can be done, if your attitude is progressive.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20) — Spring and the new working methods will be what you need. All the signs are in your favor. Down again, how?

